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THE GRAVE OF MOSES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"No man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day."

Lawgiver of the Hebrews, who didst stand
On Sinai's summit, face to face with God,
And thence descending, all majestic bear
The sacred tablets by His finger traced—
A glory on thy brow that man shall
Not look upon unveiled, and which followed tomb
Vanished, unrecognized, unknown!
How many an eye amid the shaded dells
And clustering terebinths of Moab, marked
That place of rest in vain! 'Twas ask for man
To find the angel visited.

Age on age
Swept by in long procession, and wars drawn,—
And cares of doctrinal glory, proudly reared
High towering obelisk and mausoleum,
For their own sculptured effigies, but still
None knoweth of thy sepulchre.

Thy rest!
What if they did? 'Twere nothing unto thee,
And unto them less little. Thou hast left
Thine epitaph in deeds, that all may read,
And words of wisdom in the Book Divine.
So teach us, Spirit of all Grace, to hold
The casket for our clay of small account,
But let our living memory, clad in robes
Of truth and goodness, walk its daily round
Among mankind, and glorify their souls in Thee.

Maryland, Conn., June, 1851.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN SECRETS," "THE DISCARDED WIFE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ASHES FALLS INTO THE VIAL.

I see the cloud and the tempest sweep,
The wreck of the lightning's fiery leap,
The broken chalice in the ruined tent,
The warrior's sabre, the lover's heart with this.
J. M. DAVENANT.

The pale clouds that had been gathering all the afternoon now overcast the whole sky. It was beginning to snow as they approached at the passage gate.

"Rain fair for mercy sake, run in!" cried Mrs. Willoughby, appearing at the hall door.

They had no time in obeying her summons.

"We are always bound to have at least one deep snow in March, and I think that this is the very earliest!" said Dr. Heine as he beat the light flakes from his own garments and gently brushed them from those of Agnes, before entering the hall.

Mrs. Willoughby shook hands with her brother, and embraced Agnes—thus giving both a warm welcome.

"You must nurse her a little—she is very much worn down," said Dr. Heine, with a glance full of affectionate solicitude directed towards Agnes.

"She dear look pale and anxious But in our quiet home she will soon recover," replied the minister's wife, tenderly kissing her guest, as she led her into the bright little parlor of the parsonage, and seated her upon the sofa by the fire.

How different was the atmosphere here! Agnes felt as if she had escaped from a house of an east passed into a house of purity, safety, and comfort.

Mrs. Willoughby, with alacrity even, relieved her of her outer garments, and took them from the room, while Dr. Heine placed a footstool under her feet, and arranged the cushions at the back of her head.

"There I rest, dear Agnes," he said. "You have tended others so long, that now you must in your turn be cared for."

"This is indeed like the repose of paradise," said Agnes, as she yielded herself up to the comforts of her position.

Doctor Heine mended the fire, and smiled at his work.

When Mrs. Willoughby re-entered the room she rang for Hilda, saying that dinner was early in the afternoon, still as it was so dark with snowclouds, the windows had to be lighted—and the fire lamps lighted, "Which will make us feel all the more cozy and comfortable," she added, as she shut the blinds, and let down the thick crimson curtains.

When the neat and smiling Hilda maid of the parsonage appeared with the lighted lamps, which she placed at each side of the mantle-piece, her mistress said:

"And now, Alice, lay the cloth for supper in this room, which is so much warmer than the dining-hall."

The little maid carried obediences, and with the help of Hannah, who started up to assist her, she whisked the table into the middle of the floor, and then vanished from the room.

And soon she returned, and spread the snowwhite damask cloth, and arranged the pure white sconces china upon the table. Then she brought the crystal lamp-stage, the cut cruets, the light biscuits, and the golden, fresh butter, and set them in order upon the board. Her mistress went to the parlor cupboard, and produced her store of preserves and cakes. The clear, crimson currant jelly, the golden pomegranate, the ruby quince, the emerald citron sweetmeats, rich guava cakes, delicate lady-fingers, and fragrant cruller—all the work of her own hands, were arranged in cut glass saucers, or silver filigree baskets, and placed upon the table.

"Shall I fetch the tea urn now, madam?" inquired the little maiden.

"No, child, not just yet; we must wait a few moments for Mr. Willoughby. He stopped over to Piedmont, Agnes, to see the old lady," said Mrs. Willoughby, as she took a seat near her guest.

Then there followed some kind inquiries as to the present condition of the suffering invalid at Farmlee.

"You go not so little, Agnes, that you do not bear as much as I do. But do you know that Mrs. Henry's illness is considered a very mysterious affair. People cannot imagine why she should take so great an interest in the fate of a man who is almost an entire stranger to her—one whom she has not met more than three times in her life. And how do you think the wise-acres attempt to account for it?"

"I do not know indeed, madam," replied the young girl.

"Why, Agnes, they dare even to say that Mrs. Alice Henry was in love with Mr. Godfrey Middleton!"

"That is infamous!" exclaimed Agnes, indignantly.

"Aye! and very pity Doctor Henry—such a good man! such a devoted husband!—to be so wronged!"

"I have nothing more to say," said Agnes, folding cousins on the shelter of her friend.

"It is beneath comment, certainly," admitted Mrs. Willoughby. "But a truce to gossip, Agnes, my sweet sister, I have such a pretty little chamber for you. It is the room in the wing that opens on the front piazza, and is furnished with the white enameled cottage-chamber furniture, and has the white bear curtains to the windows. A perfect bower of beauty is your bedroom, sweet Agnes!"

"You are very good—you overwhelm me with kindness!" replied the grateful girl.

"Hush!" whispered the lady, bending close to her ear—"I please myself in serving my sweet sister. Yes—I know it all, Agnes! And you are not to take another situation, or leave us at all any more, until you leave us as my brother's wife, to take the head of his household."

Agnes blushed, with mingled emotion of grateful joy and girlish shame, while her lover leaned upon his sister and herself a beaming smile of pleasure.

"And now we will not wait another moment for Mr. Willoughby, who, ten to one, is taking supper with the Piedmont ladies. And you look so weary, love, that you shall have your tea, and then retire to your sweet little room, to take a good night's rest; for to-morrow we are to have a dinner party to meet the bishop who is expected here; and my brother's affianced bride must look fresh and bright to help me receive them," added the lady, as she arose and rang the bell.

"Bring up the tea urn, Alice," she said to the little maiden, who appeared at the door.

Alice carried and withdrew, and presently returned with the silver service, which she placed upon the table. Chairs were set, and at the installation of the hostess, the little circle of three gathered around the board.

"You take black tea, I believe, Agnes!—Recent, you like rich muffins: there are some delicious hot ones that Alice is offering at your elbow. Help yourself yourself," said the lady, on hospitable cares intent.

At her brother turned to obey there was a loud rapping at the front door bell.

"That is Mr. Willoughby now—just in time! Run, Alice, and let your master in!"

The little maid hastened to comply.

"I am glad he has come. You always taste better when he is at the table," said the affectionate wife, as she put sugar and cream into a fourth cup, ready to fill up.

"The little maid came in, saying—

"Please, madam, it isn't master. It is a man from Piedmont, as says how master can't just yet leave Madam Audenly, who is took very ill, and wants the doctor directly."

"Madam Audenly ill? I am very sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby; while Ernest Heine arose from his untasted supper, and hurried to the door to make more particular inquiries. In a few moments he came back, grim-visaged and cogged, ready for his ride, saying—

"It is an attack of apoplexy. I must hasten to her immediately!"

"But, dear me! won't you stop and get your supper before turning out in this snow storm?" inquired his sister, anxiously.

"No! there is no time—a moment's delay may be fatal to her life! Good-bye!"

"When will you be back?"

"I cannot tell. It may be not until morning. Do not sit up for me!" replied the doctor, bowing and hurrying away.

"There! you see what it is to be a physician, Agnes. He never sits down to a meal with any certainty of being able to finish it before he is called off or gets into his warm bed without a reasonable probability of being called up at midnight! And you may partly judge what may be the lot of a physician's wife! Draw up, Agnes. Let the world ride, while we take our tea. Alice, these muffins are cold; bring a plate of hot ones."

"I feel sorry that Madam Audenly is ill," said Agnes.

"My dear, so am I, but—it does not take away my sympathy. Here comes the hot muffins—take one."

At that moment there was a second ringing of the door bell.

"Why, now! Surely, people think we hold a reception here to-night. But that must be Mr. Willoughby at last. Run, Alice, and see!" exclaimed the lady.

The little servant flew to open the door.

"Why, Alice, how you have lingered! Is anything the matter?" inquired Mrs. Willoughby, listening.

Her question was not immediately answered by the re-appearance of the maid, saying—

"If you please, ma'am, two men asking for Miss Agnes Darke!"

"For me?" exclaimed Agnes, in surprise.

"For again?" re-echoed the lady, in astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am; please, how they are," replied the maid, as two men, recognized by Mrs. Willoughby as constables, entered the parlor.

They bowed awkwardly, and hesitated a little, while the ladies gazed upon them in perplexity.

"What did you wish to say and see me for?" Have you any business with me?—or—is there not some mistake?" inquired Mrs. Willoughby, who was the first to recover from her surprise.

"It's no mistake, I reckon, mum. Which of you ladies is Miss Agnes Darke?" inquired the foremost man, producing a document from his coat pocket.

"Why, this young lady is Miss Darke; but you have no possible business with her!"

"Well, you, mum, we have a little, I reckon."

"But what can it be at this time of night? Does anyone send for?"

"Well, you, mum, I reckon the magistrate wants her jest a few questions."

"As a witness in some new case—what a bother!" thought Agnes. "I reckon I might as well out with it, mum. It is a very unpleasant thing; but you see, to make a long matter short, I have a warrant for her arrest."

"Arrest?"

"Well, you, mum, I'm sorry to say."

Both ladies gazed with renewed astonishment upon the speaker.

"But upon what possible ground can Miss Agnes Darke be arrested?" inquired Mrs. Willoughby, in alarm.

"I do not owe a debt in the world?" exclaimed Agnes, in consternation.

"It's not for debt, young lady," said the constable.

"In the name of Heaven, what is it for, then?" inquired Mrs. Willoughby.

"Miss Agnes Darke is arrested upon the charge of theft."

"Theft!"

"Yes ladies, I'm sorry to say."

Agnes covered her face with her hands, and sunk back half fainting in her chair, while Mrs. Willoughby, panic-stricken, gazed upon the officers.

"Don't be frightened, mum. If the young lady is innocent, as I would lay my life she is, judging from her looks, it will all come out right before the justice," said the constable.

"And by whom is she accused—good Heaven—of theft?"

"By Doctor Henry, her late employer, mum."

"It is a plot; oh, it is a plot for my destruction!" gasped Agnes, in a dying voice.

"By Doctor Henry! it cannot be! Doctor Henry is an honorable man, who would die rather than bring such a charge against an innocent girl!" exclaimed the lady.

"But here it stands, mum, in black and white, under the county seal."

"Oh! it is a plot! it is a plot for my ruin, if you know all!" groaned Agnes.

"Be patient, dear girl! It is some grievous mistake that will be explained," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"It is no mistake, I reckon, mum—I mean so far as the document goes. As to the young lady, I suppose it is a mistake, and we'll be proved one. But, mum, our time is short, and we have also another warrant here, authorizing us to search the effects of Miss Agnes Darke for certain property said to have been stolen by her."

"Hold your tongue for decency's sake, man! Never repeat such things of a respectable young lady!"

"Certainly, mum; but it is in the warrant which we must proceed in execute. Will you be so good as to show us where certain trunks, boxes etc., brought by Miss Darke from Farquier, can be found, that we may examine them?"

"I brought but one small trunk, which held all my things. It has not been opened since I came here. Dear Mrs. Willoughby, show them where it is that they may examine it, and satisfy themselves!" cried Agnes, seizing this opportunity of vindicating, as she supposed, her innocence.

"What degradation!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, bitterly.

"But of all, mum—not at all. We're all liable to suffer injustice of one sort or another, and if the missing articles should not be found in the young lady's possession, why, so much the better for her," said the constable.

"Ah, my dear, we could not prevent them if we wished to do so; therefore, we have no choice. Well, sir, follow me; I will conduct you to the other chamber," said Mrs. Willoughby, taking up a candle, and leading the way from the room.

The two constables attended her to the hall, but there one turned back to beckon Agnes.

"Need I come, too?" she inquired, actively.

"Certainly, young lady; you are under arrest, and we dare not lose sight of you," answered the principal officer.

The officer went and came followed them across the hall, and into the pretty chamber in the wing that had been appropriated to her use.

There under the window sat the little black leather trunk that was to be examined. Mrs. Willoughby pointed it out to the officers.

"Where is the key?" asked the first constable.

"Oh! I forgot; here it is," said Agnes, producing it from her pocket.

The officer knelt and unlocked the trunk.

A poor but clean and neatly folded wardrobe was all that the lifting of the lid revealed. As these were taken out and unfolded, article by article, nothing was discovered but the best and orderly habits of the owner, until at last, when they had reached the bottom of the trunk the constable exclaimed—

"Ah! good Heaven! here is the missing property!" and lifted a red morocco casket, which he opened, displaying to their astounded eyes a rich set of coral ornaments.

"In the name of Heaven, what is the meaning of this, Agnes?" inquired Mrs. Willoughby in her rage.

"It means that I am betrayed and ruined!" exclaimed the wretched girl, in a deep, agonized voice, as with a face overspread with the ghastly pallor of death, she sunk into the nearest chair.

The officers of justice coolly proceeded with their business.

"Just read over the list of missing articles, to see if they are all here, Jarvis," said the first constable McGab, holding the casket in his hand.

The other obeyed, reading from a paper that he held in his hand.

"One red morocco casket, containing jewelry, as follows: One pearl necklace, one pair of pearl earrings, one pearl necklace, one pearl brooch, one pearl bracelet, the whole valued at six thousand dollars; is that right?"

"Yes, and here they all are," said the constable, who, having identified the property, closed the casket. Then, turning towards the spot where Agnes sat in a death-like stupor, he said—

"I am very sorry for this young lady; I am afraid it will go very hard with you."

"Agnes, and you explain this?" cried Mrs. Willoughby, in deep distress.

"As he as I can. I never set eyes upon that casket before this hour. It was put into my trunk with the design to ruin me, I am sure of it!" gasped the almost expiring girl.

"Oh, Agnes! do not say so, my child! No human being could be so diabolical! Besides, what motive could any one have to ruin you? You have no enemies!"

"You think, then," said Agnes, in a hollow voice, "that I am capable of——"

"No, no; say not upon your innocence!" exclaimed the wretched girl, in bitterness of spirit.

"Agnes, your wrongs make you unjust! Believe me, my girl, all is a mistake which will soon be righted!" said Mrs. Willoughby, struggling with her own sense of shame and grief, that she might in some sort lift up the fallen head of the poor young victim before her.

"I must, mum," said McGab, "I am sorry to hurry this affair; but it is late, and we have a long way to go to the magistrate with the young lady bad better be getting on her things."

"Getting on her things? For what?"

"To go before Squire Jessup, mum."

"Surely, surely you will not take her out this stormy night!"

"Obliged to do so, mum. Warrant is peremptory."

"Oh! Agnes, my child, what a calamity! Oh, dear! Heaven! how I wish Mr. Heine were here! or brother were here! Slee, cannot you wait an hour until I send for my husband and brother, who will be home?"

"Couldn't possibly do it, mum; we have already waited longer than we ought," said the constable, turning to Agnes, he added—"Come, young lady; come, hurry up!"

But the poor girl sat with her hands clasped convulsively upon her knees, the grayness of death upon her face, and neither spoke nor moved, even into vacancy.

"Come, love, you know, this sin's a-goin' to do. You've got to get up and go along with us; and the longer you stop, the worse it will be for you to give, the worse it will look, you know," said the officer, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

The touch sent a shock of cold through the frozen maiden, and she started up with a shuddering cry.

"Come, miss, come, I hope you don't mean to give us any trouble," said the man attempting to rouse her.

But Agnes shuddered, and seemed about to swoon.

"Come, now, some o' that, you know, 'cause we've up to all those tricks! Be a sensible young woman, and come along with us quiet," continued the officer, putting his arm about her waist, and lifting her upon her feet.

"Oh, my God! my God! has it come to this? Oh, Agnes, that I should ever have lived to see this day! What can I do for you, my lamb?" said Mrs. Willoughby, pressing her hands in agony.

"You can do nothing—nothing; you must leave me to my fate!" exclaimed the hapless victim, between spasmodic gasps.

"If you would wish to do her any service, mum, don't excite your own feelings or the feelings for her to put on," said the constable.

"You—get them, dear girl—for the sconce I go—the sconce it is over—the better," said Agnes, in the same gasping voice.

Mrs. Willoughby, pale and trembling, and too strongly affected for tears, took the little black silk bonnet and black cloth shawl from the bed, upon which they had been placed, and brought them to Agnes.

"You are so white as sautile, your hands are as cold as ice; you shake as with an ague," said the

THE SCULL OF SEARCHING THE TRUNK OF AGNES DARKE.

lady, as she slid the little bonnet on the head, and wrapped a shawl around the shoulders of the poor girl.

"A glass of wine, mem, for the Lord's sake, a glass of wine for her, or we shall never be able to get her alive to the magistrate's office," said the constable.

Mrs. Willoughby ran out, and returned with the required restorative, which she applied at the lips of the almost expiring girl, who gushed it away, saying—

"No, no; I cannot—I will not; if I die, so much the better; oh, you ought to know that! Let no persuasion would induce her to change her purpose.

"Well, she is the obstinatest!" said the constable, as he supported her from the house to the chaise that was waiting to take her to the magistrate's.

"You will tell him that I am innocent, but that he must resign me," said Agnes, turning an appealing gaze upon her friend.

"He need not to be told that you are innocent, and he will never forsake you. I will send for him immediately; he will lose no time in following you," replied Mrs. Willoughby, in a voice broken by sobs, as she pressed the poor girl in her bosom, before resigning her to the care of the officer.

And the next moment Agnes was lifted into the chaise, which was driven rapidly away.

"Oh, it surely is the most horrible dream!" said Mrs. Willoughby with a shudder, as she returned to the house, forgetting, in her great trouble, even to shake off the snow that adhered to her dress.

She lost not a moment in despatching a messenger with the following note to Piedmont.

Agnes Darke has just been arrested in charge of grand larceny. Her Honor's ade, as soon as you can leave Madam Audrey, hastes home.

Ernest Hulse was standing at the bedside of his patient when that note was put into his hand. He glanced over it, passed it to Lord Arthur, his eyes as it to clear his vision, read it again, flushed, grew pale, and at last, with a look of wrath and indignation hurried from the house, leaving the astonished family to suppose that some patient in the last extremity had summoned the doctor.

In an almost incredibly short time, Ernest reached the entrance gate of Madam Audrey's park, where he found his sister-pacing up and down the front, and bringing her hands in great distress.

"Ah, what is the matter of this?" he exclaimed, in breathless anxiety.

"What I wrote! She has been arrested for grand larceny, at the suit of Dr. Henry."

"False like! Good Heaven, you must be dreaming in my mah-h thing! Where is she? Let me see her!"

"She has gone off to W. in custody of the constable. Sit down, Ernest, or stand if you must, only be quiet three minutes, and I will tell you all about it," said Mrs. Willoughby, who, then, in a hurried and rather incoherent manner, related the whole history of the arrest.

"It is a mistake! It is infamous—infamous in Doctor Henry so rashly to judge and so cruelly to charge an innocent girl." And without another word he rushed out of the house, mounted his horse, and galloped rapidly off toward W.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISTAKE WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

She hinted—in the last moment of leaving
Lay on her lids, on mouth and chillin—
That there was wrong and shame on know'
That none can see the causes—but what?
She had forgotten, and she thought not.
Could this be still the earth beneath,
The sky above, and men around,
Or were they fiends who were so fronted
With what they did, or what they found?
Or was her mission so triumphant? BYRON.

Meanwhile through night, and storm, and darkness, the open chaise labored.

Blinding and blinded by the falling and freezing snow, the driver on the front seat could scarcely keep the road, and for safety's sake left the reins mount than to his horses' instinct.

Covered with dust, Agnes and the constable sternly and covered into the back cushion. Yet for the horror that seemed to freeze her mental heart, she scarcely felt the cold of the inclement season.

A long, dismal and dangerous drive brought them at length to W. and to the house of Squire Jessop.

A single light shone through a window in the little wing now used by the squire as his office.

Before this wing the chaise drew up. The driver left his seat, and the policeman alighted and helped out Agnes, and led her, half supporting, half carried, into the office.

The magistrate was seated at his table, and near him sat Dr. Henry.

As the eyes of the squire fell upon Agnes, where she stood, covered with dust and half fainting with shame, and grief, and fear, he could not forbear casting upon her another penetrating and rebuking look, as though he would have asked—

"Is this face this fragile creature out on such a bitter night as this?"

Doctor Henry understood the tacit inquiry, and answered it in half-low tones to the squire.

"You will remember the great value of the articles purloined, and the urgent necessity for secrecy in order to recover them. Hence the need of this prompt arrest."

"Dear reward that heathen chile, McNab," said Mr. Jessop, addressing the constable. And when that good man had come, he turned to Agnes and said—

"Sit down, young lady."

Agnes mechanically dropped into the chair, and because she felt half suffocated, threw the veil from her face.

"So young and beautiful, and so depraved!" the magistrate murmured to himself, as he eyed the soft and lovely brunette face, with its languishing dark eyes and clustering black curls.

"Ah," sighed Dr. Henry, "it is with the deepest pain that I appear here as an accuser. Nothing but the deepest of reforming duty would actuate me. Nothing but the necessity of giving her a sharp lesson—for this is not the first offense—nothing, in short, but a strong sense of duty could have constrained me to appear here."

The justice looked at the pale girl before him, and pressed his gold spectacles—

"I am innocent, indeed, sir," said poor Agnes, clasping her hands and raising her eyes pleadingly to the magistrate's face.

"Poor child! God grant you may be proved so!" said the squire.

Did your worship in the white caverns of your official vision ever happen to meet with any one who was guilty?" sneeringly inquired Doctor Henry.

The magistrate did not notice the sarcasm, his eyes were fixed upon Agnes Darke.

"You found the casket?" inquired the doctor of the policeman.

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In her trunk."

"Very well—Mr. Jessop, what are we waiting for?" asked the accuser, impatiently, addressing the squire.

"Nothing, sir; I am ready to proceed with the case if the prisoner is ready; but she has no defence," said the magistrate.

"No! I say advisers; we stand upon equal terms," answered the accuser.

Very unwillingly the magistrate proceeded with the case.

Dr. Henry being sworn, deposed that Agnes Darke had lived in his house as the companion of his wife, for about fifteen months; that, during the last few months he had missed many articles which had been traced to her possession; that upon her apparent repentance he had frequently forgiven her; but that finding her perfectly incorrigible, he had, at length, warned her to leave his house; that even then, wishing to shield her reputation, and so give her a chance of reform, he had in discharging forbore to accuse her, so that no one had reason to suppose that she had been dismissed, or had left the house at any other time than her own will; that since her departure he had chanced to open a bureau, in which the most valuable articles of family jewelry were kept, containing his wife's casket of jewels, had naturally suspected Agnes Darke of the theft, and immediately made a requisition for a search warrant; and that, in justification of his proceeding, he begged to be permitted to show and examine the constable who had served the writ.

The officer being sworn, deposed to the finding of the casket of jewels in the possession of the accused.

The magistrate, whose first instinctive belief in Agnes Darke's innocence now yielded to the force of evidence against her, looked upon the case as serious as full of sorrow as of severity, and inquired—

"What have you to say to this charge, young woman?"

"That I am innocent! as God liveth, I am!" answered Agnes, clasping her hands in agony.

"Is anything to know

delicacy, and what I wish to say is this—that you must immediately give me a husband's right to protect you?"

"Exceed, you do not mean it?" exclaimed the orphan, thrilled to the heart.

"I mean, dearest Agnes, that within this hour you must become my wife!"

"Ernest! Ernest! would you indeed thus devote yourself to a lost and wretched girl like me?"

"I would devote myself to a much injured and most innocent maiden, whom I love from the depths of my heart."

"Oh, my knight! my royal-hearted knight! would you even risk yourself for me?" she exclaimed, trembling with mixed emotions of joy and grief, admiration and gratitude.

"There will be no risk, dear girl. Agnes, I have faith in the Lord. I walk by faith and not by sight. Knowing you to be innocent, I feel it to be my duty as well as my inclination to stand by you. To do this blamelessly I must have a recognized right to protect you. I must become your husband, and that within this hour."

"Oh, Ernest! Ernest! almost it is worth while to be in such a desperate strait, to have such a friend, said the orphan, in a voice vibrating with passionate earnestness.

"'Actions speak louder than words;' and more to the purpose," he continued; "and what I have said to you in act terms, I mean to be world in more significant acts. I have told you that I know you to be innocent. In a more practical manner I must tell the world so, by making you my wife."

"Oh, Ernest! Ernest! I pray you from my heart and soul for this most noble faith! But think you I would now link my wretched lot with yours? No! Ernest, no! this must not be."

"My own Agnes, I have not asked you. I love you. I know that you love me. We were to have been married some future day. Necessity has hastened the event. I have only changed the position for us; and you, dear girl, must, in this particular, accept your fate from me," he said.

"But, oh! Ernest, I cannot! I ought not! Do not tempt me, for—"

He gathered her to his bosom, and stopped her words with kisses. Then, sealing her upon the side of the door, he scribbled something on a little pocket-a slip of paper, which he held before her, saying,

"There, Agnes! this is our marriage license. Before coming here this morning, I went and hooked up the county clerk, and procured one. And I had resolved not to present myself here without it. With one more embrace I must hasten to speak to our friends.

And pressing a kiss upon her brow, he left her, called Tom Turner, and went to Mr. Delanie's cell, and rapped.

To Horace's sweet-toned "Come in," he entered, and, after greeting both his friends, in a few words he explained the alarming and dangerous meaning of this young man's course, Mr. and Mrs. Delanie readily consented to do as he requested, and arose to accompany him.

All this proceeded to the cell of Father Marmaduke, who, not being a close prisoner, sat with his door ajar.

A few words informed the priest of the service required of him.

He asked for him to express surprise, curiosity, or disapprobation. So after crossing himself, he opened his book, laid aside his breviary, arose and followed the others.

They entered the cell of Agnes. Ernest Holme gave the license to the priest, led Agnes before him, and with his strong protecting arm encircling lovingly around her waist, held her up and supported her during the solemnization of the ceremony of marriage that bound them together for life.

It was over!

Ernest Holme sealed the contract on the lips of his lovely bride.

Horace, with tears that would not be repressed, drew Agnes to her bosom.

Godfrey Delanie grasped the hand of Ernest Holme.

And then in her prison cell, Agnes Darke was made a bride!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ADVENTURE ON THE ICE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Not long since I was made glad by a visit from an old schoolmate named Albert Gould. He had spent six years in Oregon, had been there married, in school-teaching and lecturing, and was now on a visit to his friends upon the Atlantic coast, with the purpose of carrying some of them back with him.

"I should hardly like to exchange all the comforts of our old home for such a wild region," remarked my wife.

"Why, bless you, it's one of the finest regions in the world," returned Albert enthusiastically. "Fine land, fine climate, fine rivers, great plains, great lakes, great valleys, great mountains and great forests. You can find any kind of 'doings' there, as we say at home. If you want city life, you can have it; if you want country life, you can have it; or if you want a touch of wild adventure, you can have that. I had one last winter that came very near lasting me for an eternity."

"Ah—an adventure! Let's have it. You've told us about your schools and your lectures, now tell us about the rest."

"Very well," my friend resumed. "I'll tell you about an adventure I had last winter. As I said, I had just closed the fall term of my school, and had a month or two on my hands for recreation. Among my acquaintance there was a Mr. Culbertson—Bill Somerton and Alec Bedford. They were rough, hardy men, reared amid wilds and hardships, and honest, free-hearted and true. They were just ready to set off with a party upon an expedition towards the Rocky Mountains. Would I like to go? they asked me. Of all things in the world I would like it, and my arrangements were soon made. I asked them if we should need any ice.

"Oceans of it!' they said; 'so I took my skates along with my snow-shoes. I had plenty of powder-flasking and shot to go along with my rifle, for pistols, hunting-knife, and shovel in my full suit of furs, I looked as rough and trapperish as any of them.

"Our course lay along the Columbia River until we struck the Lewis branch, and then we turned to the southward. Finally we made our camp by one of the largest fields of smooth ice I ever saw. It was where the river overflowed a vast extent of low meadow, and it had frozen over since the last fall of snow. I cried my skates to some purpose here, and some of the trappers joined me when not otherwise engaged.

"One afternoon, while my companions were busy in taking off some valuable furs they had trapped, I put on my skates, and determined to have a fine time all by myself. The ice was not so glare and smooth as it had been, for the day had been warm, and a light, spongy snow-fall had fallen for an hour or two, depositing upon the ice a sort of sugared frost; but this constituted no annoying thing. The polished steel of my skates glided over it as though it were not there, and away I went, with the keen wind at my back.

"There was an extensive bay, making away amid shrubs and trees to the southward, which I had not explored, and I resolved to take a turn in that direction. It was about two miles from the camp, and I should judge that the top of the sun was miles deep. As I flew on, I did not realize how the wind was, and when I stopped, I was at the end of this nest of the ice-field, and all of sixteen miles from the starting-point. I was surrounded upon three sides by a heavy growth of timber, and while stopping to rest, I heard a crashing in the snow-crust not far off. I turned my attention to the point from which the sound proceeded, and in a few moments a large grizzly bear made his appearance upon the ice, and came shambling towards me.

"What could have possessed me to act as I did, I cannot tell; though I fear that I had too much confidence in my ability to outrun Mr. Bruin upon the slippery course. He came very near to me, and then turned himself upon the other, and I unhasp, and without any particular thought, I suppose, that I could outrun him, or that I could dart the ball struck him, he gave a quick howl of rage and pain, and then, with a loud snarl, he turned and started upon the back track, with the wounded bear after me.

"It was not many minutes before I discovered that I had been acting the fool. I found that skating back towards the camp was a very different affair from skating the other way. The wind was not only in my face but I felt that it had very strong. It was hard, tedious work. And I soon found, too, that the bear was gaining upon me. The frosty spangle upon the ice, while it materially retarded my progress now that I had a stiff wind to contend with, was no hinderance to his footing. He came lunging on, with a long line of bloody froth behind him, and at every jump the distance between us lessened. I made up my mind that I should come to the camp out of the reach of question. I should be overtaken in a very few minutes if I kept on, and if once overtaken, that would be an end to all that worship of me.

"I looked at the shore, where the great trees grew upon one side and the other, and I saw a good land except upon the other. Should I take that course, the bear would have me not. No, that was my only safety. Finally the beast was close upon me, and with a quick movement I struck at an angle from my course. Brute fury he was, but he did not side anywhere near so far as I had supposed he would. But he was gaining upon me the distance between us lessened. I made up my mind that I should come for the camp out of the

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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PLEASURE-DRIVING.

We clip the following paragraph from the New York correspondence of a country paper:

"It may perhaps interest your readers to state that Mr. Bonner, the famous man, owns three of the best horses in or near the New York city. He recently paid, I understand, the enormous sum of *four thousand dollars* for a team that can trot a mile in two minutes and thirty seconds. Some people seem to think it a shame that Mr. Bonner should be known as a man, rather, some may think, than having his name known as a man of wealth. Now, I for one, have been heard to think, in times past, that Mr. Bonner was very fast horse, and Bonner made up his mind to be No. 1 on the turf, as well as in the publishing business. Everything I will mention in this world, he never bets, but drives money for its own pleasure, as all fast horses will be, when he can afford it! Mr. Bonner, I am told, pays him the enormous profit of one thousand dollars a year."

We copy the above, simply because it gives us an opportunity to make a few remarks. In the first place, we never paid any such price as is above stated for a horse; and, in the second place, neither of the horses we own, or have ever owned, can trot a mile in the least degree so fast as two minutes and thirty seconds. Hopeful Boy of Boston, informed us that a splendid pair of horses, owned by Gen. Robbins of that city, and which had taken the first premium for matched horses at the great National Exhibition at Cincinnati, could trot a mile in 2.30 with the horses. We found them to be all that they were represented—sound, kind, spirited, style, action, and pace; and we would not give one mug of our liquor for them if they were not all that! We do not believe in a man's financial progress against whom are too often encouraged to spend his money.

We therefore, of late, quietly, but surely, have been getting rid of our horses, and we do not care whether it is right, whether it is moral, or best, we like to see money. It is the spirit of racing and gambling, on races, we have no sympathy; we detest it, just as we do against the records of a State or Provincial election. But, say some, it is cruel to drive a horse at a high rate of speed—so it is, if you overdo the animal. But did it never occur to those self-reasoning men, that a horse can run a mile, and be driven a mile, would be a three-minute pace by half an hour with less labor and distress to the animal than a horse that is driven for an hour out of time. A man is more likely to overtask a customer, than one who is driving for his own pleasure, and who has the time to spare and the inclination. And, for example, we will say the road, whether we go alone, or are accompanied by our wife or better half—or our little boys, who love to ride with us, as a team of the fastest of fast horses, as we have a natural aversion to seeing anybody's team, or anybody, pass us, and so to anybody in anything we undertake.

Upon our trips, to exercise and pleasure-driving on the road, all good men should frown—we refer to the practice of riding on the footboard—for every man should take their principal day for sport; but we are pleased to know that public opinion is daily setting in more and more strongly against it. Both man and beast require one day in seven, if we can afford to spare it, and if we can't we can't, and we must keep right on. It is no use of our saying any more of spending the holidays. Let it be referred altogether.

HASTY AND HURRIED MARRIAGES.

Certain sad mistakes made by girls who have married secretly and hastily, and against the known wishes of their parents, have, no doubt, been brought to light, and provoked much discussion in regard to the facility with which the young men and young girls can get married in New York and many other States. The law needs some more stringent legislation on the subject. The marrying by a clergyman or magistrate of any boy or girl, without the consent of the parent or guardian, should be made a misdemeanor punishable with fine or imprisonment, or both. It is time to suppose that young people will always act discreetly or properly in this matter, but it is time to suppose that clergymen and magistrates, in all cases of hasty and secret marriage in which their services are solicited, should act with prudence and deliberation. They should exact of the parties simple proof that they are both of proper age, and they should refuse to perform the rite when such proof is not furnished. Let us have a well-digested law in respect to the subject, which will do away with the present marriage-trade-any system, at least so far as boys and girls are concerned.

OUR OPINION OF IT.

What could be sillier than the marriage of the eldest son of Queen with the lovely and accomplished Princess Alexandra of Denmark? Nothing, except the marriage of the heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia to a princess of the most ignorant and worthless family in Germany. The latter would be almost as much a burlesque as the former.

Why is the marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Prussia "silly?" It is silly for us or being quite the reverse, as they say. The parties love each other, are able to go to house-keeping in good style, and their parents approve of the match. What more could be asked even of royal personages? We think the marriage ought to be supposed were altogether overstrained; but we suppose the workmen, embroiderers, goldsmiths, jewelers, dressmakers, etc., etc., to whom the money thus expended at last goes paid, regard the disbursement of said funds as the most honorable and delightful part of the performance.

A NEW STORY BY MR. COBB will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER. Mr. Cobb has bestowed an immense amount of labor upon it; and, judging from what we have read of it, it must meet with even greater favor than that with which the "Gambler of Moscow" or any other of his popular tales was received.

COUNT TO BE REMEDIED.

Our readers, who are at all posted in politics, will remember how Congress last winter wasted over a hundred days in circling a Speaker. During all this time the interests of the nation were neglected, and every other consideration sacrificed to partisan ambition to secure an office, or offices, which if righteously administered, ought to be of no special benefit to any party, but to be simply an impartial service to the whole country. An army of perpendicular monarchs were thus kept upon the public treasury, like a pack of selfish, quarrelsome beggars.

A somewhat similar scene has been presented in our State Legislature the present winter. Parties being so divided that neither could organize without aid from the others; weeks were spent in wrangling for the possession of the Speaker's chair and Clerkship—and here, as in the case of Congress, at the sacrifice of urgent public interests, and at a great expense. But no one inference can be drawn from such events, viz., that the offices for which such bitter and shameful struggle is made, must be turned to other than honest public account. They must be filled with officials who regard it as the benefit of a few—as no one would make such sacrifice for them. If a post be one of honor and distinction, it is natural that many should struggle or aspire to it; but it is evident that here honors are not what our servants of the people seek for—only. They are after the "plunder" which political corruption has connected with offices.

We cannot believe that a majority really desire to keep up such a state of things, and if not, it is in their power to remedy the evil. Count to be remedied at once. Only let it be provided that legislators, whether State or National, shall receive no money from the public purse until they have voted in the most unprejudiced manner that we should have no such spectacles as those we have alluded to. There is no shadow of reason why a single day's session of any legislative assembly should be paid for hindering the public welfare.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Before the interchange of the poetical epistles known as Valentines was introduced, it was the practice for gentlemen to present gifts to the ladies they saw on the morning of St. Valentine's Day as their sweetheart or valentine, which gifts they were expected to make a present. These gifts are often mentioned by old writers, and, from their nature, a great expense: none are mentioned by Pepys, and others of the reign of Charles II., as consisting of jewels, etc., even so early as the reign of Henry VI., equal when a party of ladies and gentlemen met on this day, to write their names on pieces of paper, which they divided into two parcels: the ladies drew for the gentlemen's names, and the gentlemen for the ladies'; the parties drawing being considered as valentines. The rural tradition that the first single woman who met a man on this day was to by Chaucer and many other writers, and is not left unnoticed by Shakspeare, who, in his "Midsummer Night's Dream, says:

> "St. Valentine is past—
> Begin these wood birds but to couple now?"

And Hamlet, in his "Soliloquies," has the following:

> "Oh have I heard both youth and virgins say
> Holy chosen on good Valentine's day, this day?
> But by their lights I never can behold
> Where I shall appear as a valentine."

Many customs that were formerly observed have succumbed to the practice of "sending cards," according to their several corresponding flowers and accompanying sentiments, and the custom of engravings—some loving, some satirical, nearly all nonsensical.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to *Act of Congress*, in the year 1868, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A TALK WITH MY READERS.

Every day I meet that man. I don't think he has any idea of the emotions he excites under my best ribbon; and lest my profuse reader should be moved to the same impulse, I refrain, to relieve the expression of his consciousness immediately, by the assurance that his unconsciousness is a shield. I do this without any hesitation, though I never meet the man to him, and have not spoken to a month nor whither he goeth; for all that I would stake my reputation, or what there is left of it, after the penny days of its loss, that he is a man of high and above sanction.

In the first place, if he had swallowed a church steeple, and hung his hat on the top of it, he couldn't be more perpendicular. Nothing could exceed the blankness of his cast, save the whiteness of his cravat. His arms hang so limp by his side as if their muscular energies were planted over by some surgeon who had a scientific eye for what was ornamental. His feet are as much apart as past down with a precision that would delight a drill sergeant. His mouth—you should endeavor to find out for yourself—is a "sealed book." how should I know? Still I say he allowed to remain in the thoughtless, I have no objection to cover my spicy confidents. Has he depreciated himself a little from the fact that he never looks at a horse?

Now I suppose the poor wretch thinks that the ladies, whether Quaker or not, are to be undertaken soul, which dreams of Heaven, but haven't the faintest idea how to get there. Why, he is a Westerner has more graphically than elegantly expressed it, "don't know enough to come in out of the rain," and anyone, and even sometimes, to show that he is human ! and why does he walk through God's earth with his head down? Is it that he is afraid of crushing all the sweet flowers of life under the soles of his ingenuity? Faugh! I hate the Lord every day for sending us literary Ward Beechers who does so much with his muscular tendencies to the production of good one Ascension sitting and looking clergymen, and others of that sort, for their sweetness of nature, that I am ashamed to hush the merry laugh at they pass.

But to return to this big boy, brown coat, and widewake hat! Thank goodness for his capability to munch pea-nuts, and scatter the shells as he goes, and for his ability to whistle, for he certainly does not ashamed of it. That he takes a particular and delight in the "Marseillaise" is evident from the way he *crushes* in the pulpit; where he is not penned in like a sheep, he stretches up and down all his will, and hath a place to jump off when he is too much for himself.

He is not very well to beside him and my he is no logician, no scholar. The dexterous nurturers must be left to the gentle hands of the fairy Mother Nature, out of which never a listener yet extracted words of sense,—the bobbin up and down humor, till the effervescing contents—harmless if it answer like—quietly evaporates from vapor stone—fly in their astonished faces.

"Grey too far," growls old fogyism. What was ever accomplished by the genius of progress but too far? Insteo to overshoot and hit something, than never to hit anything. Hitting a mere nonentity and by and watch the balls if they will not take part in it, but, in the main, is too rating gentlemen to scoffism, don't try to hinder it.

FANNY FERN.

A SAINTY DAY.

Rain—rain—the gutter and chimney-scrape! Everything dingy and dullish—gloomy and gusty—sticky, and solemn, and sad. A dull grub that has crawled in some is as red as a lobster, and the mud is acute drop. *New York mud!* Ask the poor pedestrian. One might as well ask him if one's petticoats is a pot of brown paint. Till we get our sidewalks right, I but how about the streets? for it will take both my hands, till the canopy arises from the gutter, to keep my hat on my head, and as to walking under an umbrella hold by a man! Try it once. When he is not blown away, he is blown into the gutter, and the whalebone, he is subduing those points in the ribs of his friend's umbrella. Then, if he is a married man, he is holding it so far back that the rain drives slap in your face; and when he is a single man, he is so absent and absorbed, that he is not aware of it, so far down over your nose that it would take a seer to find out your location, and so the circular combination is complete, and fairly alleged to have been given the missing Concern by us. We at once dispatched a messenger to the lost-property office, but he reported that "C. H. Todd & Co." could not be found. We make this statement for the sake of relieve and to our readers. We know nothing about "C. H. Todd & Co." Perhaps there is no such Co.," and have never said, or even thought, we shall say, anything in the Lenox commendatory of them or their enterprise."

THERE IS CHIVALRY LEFT.

It is a common remark, and according to latment that "there is no longer any chivalry left in the world." We have always thought that there is more chivalry in the world now than at any former period, but that as the human race has immeasurably advanced in the scale of intelligent ment, its chivalry is no longer expended after the fashion of the barbarous ages. It is reserved for good offices. The account of the defence of Lucknow is an illustration of the fact. When in the world's history is such another exhibition of the highest and noblest chivalry recorded? One cannot read General Inglis's modest and brief account of the siege, without fearful eyes and glowing blood and throbbing heart. Close by Lucknow, Havelock and Sahlaby's tomb, nor the Palaidins of Charlemagne ever performed such miracles of valor or more plaisingly endured such marvelous privations. There is chivalry left in the world.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Husbands and wives should not attempt to pry too closely into each other's affairs. Every lover knows' being has some thoughts, confidences, and secrets, which are his own, and which he does not communicate even to his most intimately connected, and which should never be approached by an unlevited hand or tongue. The temples of the soul and of the heart have their secret chambers—their holiest of holies, into which none but the Great Builder thereof himself may enter. Were this vital truth clearly understood, and its legitimate requirements obeyed, much of the strife and bitterness, domestic as well as social, now so rampant among the sons and daughters of men, would disappear. The entire philosophy and system of the thing is summed up in the blunt old phrase—"Mind your own business."

EVERETT AND WASHINGTON.

Whatever his other chances of immortality, Edward Everett is sure, by linking his name with Washington's, through his efforts to secure "Mount Vernon" for the nation, of a grateful and perpetual remembrance. Slow and laborious though the work be, it is perhaps the safest method he could have adopted of ensuring his own immortality—for the "Father of his country" is the last man to be the precedent ambitions have acquired, and to gain which they have made the grandest sacrifices. Mr. Everett's zeal in this matter might, therefore, by the unchristian, be ascribed to selfishness. But we prefer to look on him in the gold of view.

Mr. Everett is already sufficiently eminent to withhold an honest ambition. His eminence he reserves, or rather to secure, the republics of the "Father of his Country," is a labor of love and veneration—worthy of all patriotism and piety—for which posterity will thank him. Possible he would not have stopped forth—fearing to be intrusive, or to appear catechistical—had he seen prospect of other means of accomplishing the end. But he saw and felt, doubtless with the shame which those who are conscious have felt, that the Representatives of the nation would never perform this patriotic work. They might squander and plunder the public treasury for selfish purposes, but to appeal could bring them to such a generous impulse in a national point of honor as to purchase Mount Vernon.

We think it hardly questionable that no resort but private effort remained. But is it not most shameful that this was the fact? Could a severer rebuke be given to the nation's memory, than that it refused, over and over again, to possess, and devote to its keeping, the home of Washington? We can conceive of nothing more disreditable. Not that the name and fame of Washington could be enabled thereby; for these are eternally enshrined and apotheosized in the human heart—but because this was a grand public occasion and manner for the nation to pay a portion of its debt of gratitude, and to evince to the memory of Washington—a debt which ages of love and reverence could not altogether repay. But the nation—the people—the freedom its heroes in this matter is past, and God be thanked that Everett has found one American willing and able to avert the extremity of disgrace which the Republic itself seemed willing to permit.

A PLEA FOR CHILDHOOD.

There is a habit among parents about which, although we hope it is not so prevalent among the readers of the LEDGER as others, we feel moved to speak. It is that of pressing too much upon children, because of their propensity to ask many questions which seem silly to the adult and experienced mind.

A writer, who has given evidence of a wide range of observation, and a discriminating judgment, has furnished a striking plea for childhood in this respect. He says that parents who place themselves in a strange country, where everything would be unknown to them, and seize them if they were not to wait to make constant inquiries of the older inhabitants, and so not only exhibit their ignorance, but do it in a way well calculated to excite the mirth of the questioned! He goes on to answer his own question, and affirms that in most of what these adults in a strange land would do, so were they more thoroughly child, as the only means of their getting information.

What are little children but "strangers in a strange land?" Everything is new and strange to them. The range of their vision is very narrow, at first. All is absolutely void of knowledge, or nearly enough so much so that it requires a very watchful and wide-awake parent to satisfy their curiosity. But suppose he or she fails to answer the hundred and one questions prompted by their curiosity, what is the result? Is it through lack of patience with the questioner? Surely not. Is it through the little parent's being punished for "asking so many silly questions"—perhaps by way of covering up conscious ignorance of things which ought to be known? Surely not. This is a great mistake on the "Human Understanding." He explicitly urges that, as "curiosity is children, he has an active principle in his nature. It ought to be encouraged in them, not only as a good sign, but as the means of knowledge. Nature has provided for the more ignorance they are born with"—without any disparagement, according to this view, they would be "dull and useless creatures."

Here patience, parents, with the inherent desire to impart knowledge, and with the love of it in you, which may be shown by your little ones!

VILE!

We are astonished that our daily papers should publish the details of trials and police reports as we and in their columns from time to time. Those reports are suggested and made daily by the publication of the proceedings in the case of O'Connell, who was lately tried for murdering a woman named Burdell, and for whose murder he could not also have been convicted. Why we have to can allow papers containing these vile reports to be introduced into their families, where their children can get hold of them, is more than we can understand. If we published a daily paper, we think we could manage to give the public all the news that they require in such cases without publishing the horrible details of the testimony. The editors of our daily papers greatly err in thinking that this sort of stuff sells well, and hence the rival each other in trying to see who can get out only the "vilest but the richest report.

The New York Express notes that a paper crediting Horace Greeley some members of the Legislature of that State to procure their signatures, is said to be urging Thurlow Weed and others to secure further petitions in favor of Henry Ossawig Journal.

A LITTLE boy, five years old, named Howard Hungs, living in Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, was playing about the window a few days since when his mother was washing, and tumbled into a tub of hot water, which scalded him so severely that the flesh peeled from his face and arms.

IN KOSSUT, Iowa, a fisherman recently caught a catfish, from whose stomach he exacted an equal proportionment, and a gentleman in that city recognized the property of his wife, who had left her overboard from a shanty last summer.

DURING the year 1867 over six hundred millions of postal cards were manufactured.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. A. TOWNSEND.

We cannot well attach too much value to a compliment so old to a superiority, but we are in possession of a compliment to the former of a little more recent quality. Bishop Gentle an antidote to their hate, for, as they say everywhere, whenever they will practice meeting by change of scene, variety of company, and that notice of our own peculiarities which is Reputation. Persons Crown might despise riches, and so may a scraps; but to raise and control a mob is power.

RETARDANCY from business is a mistake in those who have no other occupation to exercise as well as ours. Men are never so happily employed as when they are following the occupation which was their earliest natural love to them. The retired banker must have found idleness hard work, when he preferred to be the cashier down the barnyards side, but it is the "old master's" hand can set those brooks to flowing, and hold the shadows quiet on the water.

OUR sensibilities may be too weak as well as too strong. Some of us are so constituted that we feel not or not at all for others. Nothing can be more different than fortitude and inhumanity, the one being a noble principle, the other a mere negation; and yet they are often confounded.

CARMEN revenge is a momentary triumph, the satisfaction of which is short and mean, and of which is remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all triumphs, is followed by peace and self-respect, and is not a wise Roman emperor, that he wished in pain sat end to all his enemies by removing them into friends.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Newcastle paper says that he recently visited a lunatic asylum, and the superintendent found it to be an opinal illusion. We think rather that it must have been the effect of a combination of mental torture and dust beside.

Mr. Beecher once expressed the opinion in his book of American Travels, that a British army of thirty thousand men could walk over the whole of the north to the other. We guess they would frequently "break," this remark is considered to be true.

"What shall we name our little boy?" said a young wife to her husband. "Name him what you will, I never knew anybody named Peter that could earn his salt." "Then call him Peter," he replied.

We know of a railway editor who is said to keep his account above every sight in the country—a bargenet. It is no doubt appropriate enough that a bankrupt should be a railway editor, but it is cruel.

An Eastern paper says "there is a bank in the West which is all of gold." We have seen a bank at the East with a capital stock of cordials. It is the bank of Good Intentions.

REPARTEE, the dramatist, observing to Martin the painter that he was getting very fat, the latter answered it was owing to the war. "No," replied Martin, "I should say it was owing to the peace."

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?" "No, honey, I'm only sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

A Mr. Pye has been indicted in Ohio for whipping his wife and children. No doubt he thinks it a hard case when a man can't even beat his own pie.

WHY can't the captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it by guess? It is a useful art to know.

THERE is a purple half to the grape, a mellow not extreme, half to the apple, half to the globe, and a holier half in man.

FEW people thank you for praising the qualities they *really* possess. It was their hearts, you must eulogize their intellects, if you wish to please.

PUSILLANIMOUS is often self-love, seeking to make converts to its own opinion, regardless of the God, seeking to win virtuous to the true faith.

A MAN who has made a scientific investigation says it isn't half so good as an affectionate girl. We presume not.

THE world is always ready to take strength into his arguments. *A silly one* puts his trust in princes.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MEMBER of the *Academie des Sciences*, of Paris, who is also an eminent chemist, has invented an apparatus by means of which he can produce at will, and as much as he needs at the bottom of the sea, an the surface of the earth. The apparatus is very simple. It consists of a cylinder of iron, which is opened at both ends. The cylinder is closed at its upper end by a valve, which opens only from within outward. The lower end, which is open, is covered by a piece of wood, which is fastened to the cylinder by a string. The cylinder is then filled with the substance which is to be used, and the piece of wood is fastened on. The cylinder is then sunk to the bottom of the ocean, is supposed to equal the incompressible fluid. The pressure is enormous, being from 200 to 250,000,000,000.

A SINGULAR accident occurred, or rather a series of earthquakes, occurred a short time since in the kingdom of Naples. The shocks were of the most violent character, and continued comprising nearly a hundred towns and villages, some eighty of which were entirely overthrown by the first wave. The houses were pronounced, the earth opened in horrible chasms, and the inhabitants fled in terror. Thousands, having fury and poisonous gases, and paralyzing the people with terror. Many of them thousand lives were lost, and it remains the sufferers as high as forty thousand.

THE Rev. Mr. Hamilton, pastor of the Chippewa Agency, in Minnesota, between a white man and the female Chippewa Indian, and a son of Mr. Hamilton was murdered at the night also at the first fire, and in the left side at the second fire. The murderer was arrested and committed to prison under very difficulty many agreed, but when the Rev. Mr. Hamilton heard of the murder of his son he went to the jail and with his own hand took the murderer out and shot him dead.

THE female thieves of this city have adopted a new trick in the way of shop-lifting. They secure a seat in the street car in the evening, and when the car is crowded they commence operations. If we published a daily paper, the finale of the moment rob him of his watch or purse, and sometimes of his coat. Many of the victims are ashamed, and his refusal to go with them, hence out of sight before he discovers his loss.

MANY complaints are made in all parts of the country against the practice of "cornering" markets, and other like cavorting schemes, the proprietors of which are practicing extensively on the ignorance of the unsuspecting. In all who have sought our advice in regard to these contrivances, we say: Have nothing to do with them, as they are sticky and uncertain.

A CASE in the western part of Pennsylvania, was in the habit of cruelly ill-treating his horse. A short time since, while in the act of beating the animal, the horse ran down, trampled on him, and bit him severely. He obtained a verdict for damages, and the horse was sold at auction, and, when, at length, some persons went to his assistance, he was dead.

MISS MARY JANE CROSBY, of Cincinnati, recently received as a present a couple of ounces of pure crystal resin a fashion lover, the sum of ten thousand dollars. Jarius, in the window a few days since while she was out washing, and she handed into a tub of hot water, which scalded him so severely that the flesh peeled from his face and arms.

IN KOSSUT, Iowa, a fisherman recently caught a catfish, from whose stomach he exacted an equal proportionment, and a gentleman in that city recognized the property of his wife, who had left her overboard from a shanty last summer.

DURING the year 1867 over six hundred millions of postal cards were manufactured.

SONG.

Written expressly for the LEDGER
BY ALICE CARY.

Low, sweet and low,
Sing to the shore, oh, fays!
And softly, softly, wave wind, blow
My lover's love to me;
Blow and fill my heart with bliss
As full as it can be.

Light, low and light,
Lift your whisper, west wind, to
And tell me whether he thinks of night
By the window nearest me!
For if he sees a star in heaven there,
The there his troth will be.

Carry, west wind, carry
Under the shield, and see
Whether or not his heart is deep
Are reaching out for me!
For if the love of my love is true,
The there his arms will be.

Then, oh!
And see if you will see
A moon in lover's eye taken writ
On his sheet, then fly to me,
For if he comes is written there,
Whose name the name must be!

RICHARD HOFFMAN;
OR,
THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.
A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNCLE SILAS GIVES JACK A CHARACTER.

That same night Jack made his bed close to the door of Lilly's room, arranging it in such a way that it would be impossible for any one to enter without disturbing him. With all his carelessness, the importance of the threatening words he had so heedlessly let drop, and the effect they were likely to produce upon Milo, never once occurred to him. He had not the slightest suspicion of any danger to himself—a good thing, perhaps, a quarrel or two, but nothing more.

For hours the poor boy lay awake, revolving in his mind various schemes for the protection of Lillian. Had he been older, or could he have perceived work, he would have taken her from the cottage, and provided for her himself. He had no friend to consult, no one to advise, or give him a character. It is astonishing how the desire of obtaining one haunted him.

"Pity Lilly ain't a boy," he repeated to himself. "We could run away together—accidently might give us work; but then she ain't fit for work, her hands are so white and pretty."

Sometimes he thought of taking a lodging for her in some distant part of the town, passing her as his sister, and supporting her by his old trade of pocket-picking; but as lucrative repugnance, the dawning of a better feeling in his young heart, caused him to dismiss the scheme from his mind; something in felt sure would turn up that was better, he could not tell exactly what, but with the natural hopefulness of youth, he could not believe that Milo's lottery was composed entirely of blanks.

These reflections kept him awake till a late, or rather an early hour, at which his responsible guardian returned. Jack hastened down as usual, the instant he heard his signal at the door to let him in, and thanked goodness that he was sober, little imagining that he was all the more dangerous on that account.

"Have you been out?" inquired Milo, in a tone of voice unusually kind.

"No, uncle."

"That's right. I don't like the place to be left alone while that gal is in it. She might run away."

"You're enough to frighten her away," observed the boy.

"It was along of the drink, Jack," replied the ruffian. "I ain't naturally spiteful, as you know, but the drink makes me a devil, and you make me worse."

"I?"

"Yes; wasn't it aggravation to see that you was fonder of Lilly than your poor old uncle who brought you up?"

Jack remained silent; he did not exactly know what to make of Milo's sudden sensibility.

"But I won't scold you now, because you like you told me the truth," added the convict.

"You have seen your brother, then?" exclaimed the boy.

"Why, no, I can't say that I have seen him, but I have discovered quite enough about him to tell I was all true. He is off to Chatham."

"Oh, Faith's, you mean," corrected his nephew.

"No, Chatham. I am quite right; his master has gone on to those parts, but we will ferret him out in the morning."

"I don't want to ferret him out," said the lad. "I've been quite enough of him, I think."

"Ah, Jack?" continued Milo. "He is a bad 'un. I'm sorry to say so of my own born twin brother, but he is a natural bad 'un. Do you know why he keeps out of the way, and wants to hide from us?"

"Because you have been a thief," answered Jack. "He told me so."

"Nothink of the kind. He's because he has robbed us. There's money in the family. You've heard me say before, you're a rich man."

"Oh, but I never believed it, for you never talked about it unless you were drunk."

"A proof that it was true. When I'm drunk they are in luliker, Jack."

"Don't they, uncle?"

"No; the real facts' cotton out then; but we'll talk more about it in the morning. I've had a mind taken to his earth, but we'll smoke him out, as sure as my name's Milo. I 'wish you good night."

"Good night, uncle."

"Give us yer hand; I hears yo no malice."

The old grave it him. He was not naturally of a resentful nature, and had been too long accustomed to the outbreaks of temper and fits of drunken passion on the part of his relative, to pay much attention to any words they might have had. He even forgave, or at least forgot, the blows he had received.

"He is not such a bad fellow, after all," he thought, "for he did take care of me when I was a kid. I must have starved but for him."

Little did he suspect the reasons the ruffian had received for acting as; that his father had consigned to his worthy brother-in-law the proceeds of a most important robbery when he had entrusted him to Norrgate, on the condition of protecting his son, and, strange to add, of bringing him up honestly.

We have seen how he fulfilled his trust.

In the morning, as usual, Jack was the first down to light the fire, and sweep up the place. Lillian followed; her face was exceedingly pale, and her eyes red with weeping. She, seeing her protector, she ran and threw her arms round him, and asked if he was hurt.

"Not a bit," answered the lad. "Bless you, I would stand twice as much thrashing as that; but it won't happen again. Mike was drunk."

The child shuddered at the name.

"I tell you it won't, Lillian," whispered the boy; "and what's more, I won't have you—you won't be afraid whilst I stay by you."

"O, no!" exclaimed the helpless creature, joyfully; "but he may want to send you out again, and then——"

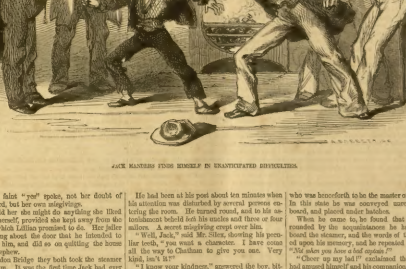
"And if he does, I won't go!" interrupted her defender, boldly. "Lillian," he added, "will you say over the prayer as you did yesterday morning to me, and I'll try and repeat it after you? I don't quite understand it all yet, but I do some of it, and I feel as if it did me good."

Again the sweet simple words were repeated by them on their knees; and He, whose divine lips first pronounced them, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," doubtless heard and sanctified them. During the morning Mike informed his nephew of a plan he had laid to obtain an interview with his brother, and bringing him to some arrangement respecting what he called his rights; for which purpose he proposed that they should both proceed as far as Chatham, and take up a position at the public-house directly opposite the mansion of Sir Norman Bootlaycd.

The boy listened to him without the slightest suspicion, and had only one objection to urge:—

"What was to become of Lilly?"

"Leave her at home," was the answer; "she'll be safe enough till we come back."



JACK MAKES HIMSELF IN EXACTITUDE BROTHERS.

A very false "pet" spoke, not her doubt of Jack's word, but her own simplicity.

Mike told her she might do anything she liked to amuse herself, provided she kept away from the window, which Lillian promised to do. Her jailer said nothing about the door that he intended to lock after him, and did so on quitting the house with his nephew.

At London Bridge they both took the steamer for Chatham. It was the first time Jack had ever been on the river. Despite the rain, he remained on deck all the way, and enjoyed the trip exceedingly. Amongst the passengers were several sailors, and a boy about his own age, belonging to a ship bound for China, which was to sail with the next tide. At first these rough sons of Neptune insulted, in various disagreeable ways, the poor peasant's dress; but they soon discovered that, although he had never been to sea, he was not such a greenhorn as they took him for, but possessed a will as sharp and ready as their own.

"Are you going on board a ship?" inquired Jack.

"About thirty hands, the two mates, and the skipper," was the reply.

The boy whispered in the ear of the inquirer that skipper was the name for the captain.

"And I suppose you're very merry?"

"Merry!" Lord love your simple heart," exclaimed an old, weather-beaten tar; "it's the happiest life going—all play and no work; it is G. O.—grub and grog with us all day long. Then, at night, when the stars are shining, we have a dance to the fife on deck, and the ship keeps her course steadily—the men on the watch sit togetherly, spin yarns, and sing songs. The only known the dolphins and mermaids follow in our wake to listen to them."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Jack, with unfeigned simplicity. "I thought sailors had something else to do than to spin yarns, or cotton either."

This observation was received with shouts of laughter.

"I see you are making fun of me," he added, "I believe I ought to know nothing about it, as I'm picters on 'em; but spinning yarn don't do."

Little did he imagine how very near he would understand what spinning a yarn meant.

During the voyage he got quite friendly with his new companions, and when the ship sailed, had he exchanged pocket knives in token of good will.

The steamer reached the place at last, and Milo made his appearance on deck. Not seeing his nephew, he called out his name rather sharply.

"Here," replied the lad.

The old miller who had been amusing himself at his expense, eyed the newcomer sharply, and then gave a low whistle.

"Is that your stepper?" he said.

"That's my uncle," answered Jack.

"Don't like his figure-head. He'd be sorry to sail under his orders. Take my advice, youngster, muddy yourself as soon as you can."

"What do you mean by muddying myself?"

"Cut and run," replied the lad he had changed knives with, jokingly. "I'll be glad to go with you with us," he added. "And yet I doubt, for, after all, it is a hard life, especially when you have a bad captain."

"And have you a bad captain?" inquired Jack.

"Rank," said the boy.

Mike and his nephew landed, and the former taking the lead, directed his steps to a public-house facing the river at the extreme end of the town. It appeared rather a low neighborhood, even as measured by the companion's standard of respectability, which was far from being a very unreasonable one.

"Have you going to 'The Blue Peter?'" he inquired.

The old man nodded in the affirmative.

"Why, you don't mean to say your friend Andrew there?"

"It's a capital place to look out for him from," replied the convict. "You see that road opposite? That is the one he will come by."

"Are you sure, uncle?"

"Certain; it leads to his master's place."

All this appeared so very plausible that the boy believed it without the slightest hesitation, and followed his relative into "The Blue Peter." Milo called for a glass of his favorite beverage, gin-and-water, and directed his nephew to watch at the window whilst he sat drinking it. Jack's eyes became riveted on the road opposite, like those of a staunch terrier watching the hole by which the rat is expected to emerge.

He had been at his post about ten minutes when his attention was disturbed by several persons entering the room. He turned round, and to his astonishment beheld his uncle and three or four sailors. A second misgiving crept over him.

"Well, Jack," said Mr. Silas, shaking his pewter teeth, "you want a character. I have come all the way to Chatham to give you one. Very kind, isn't it?"

"I know your kindness," answered the boy, bitterly, at the same time trying to pass from the room.

"Hello! where are you scudding to?" demanded one of the sailors, a stout, powerful man, about forty, dressed in a pilot coat, and a gold band round his reindeer cap.

"Why, I want to go," replied Jack, endeavoring to pass him.

"What is it to us, you fooling grampus?" repeated the man, at the same time laying a great fist on a sailor's coat upon his shoulder. "I'll soon teach you what it is to me."

"Is that the way you answer your captain?" said Mr. Silas, with a broad grin of triumph on his countenance.

"He ain't no captain of mine," exclaimed Jack, indignantly.

"You are wrong, my dear boy," mildly observed the uncle, "and you must obey him. I've sold you, regularly as well, after the expense we have been at to apprehend you—all play and no work, as the fellow—grub and grog with us all day long. Then, at night, when the stars are shining, we have a dance to the fife on deck, and the ship keeps her course steadily—the men on the watch sit together, spin yarns, and sing songs. The only known the dolphins and mermaids follow in our wake to listen to them."

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Jack did not much like the idea of her remaining in the cottage by herself. "Yet, better alone," he thought, "than with his uncle; besides, it would only be for a few hours;" so he consented.

Although it was not his day for getting shaved, the old convict underwent that operation, and took unusual pains with his dress; evidently he wished to appear as respectable as possible. Last, but not least, he desired to put on his best.

"We shall come back together, Lilly," whispered the lad, as he bade his prize good-bye.

The child looked at him mournfully.

"I tell you we shall," he repeated. "You can believe me, can't you?"

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and started by the early morning train for Liverpool, and on their arrival proceeded at once to the vessel which was lying in the docks, in order to avoid the exposure of another hackney cab. Mark was busy arranging the luggage when the captain made his appearance, a hearty, bluff-speaking man.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing here?"

"Stowing my things in our berths," answered Mark.

"Hallo! you better have secured them first!" asked the commander of the Orient.

"If you please, sir," said Rose, "we have secured them, and paid for them in London.

"Oh the agent!" demanded the captain, while Mark was fumbling in his pocket for the documents.

"No, sir; of the Reverend Obadiah Cheeseman."

"Whom?"

"The Reverend Obadiah Cheeseman. He had taken them for his son and daughter-in-law, but the young man died, and——"

"There are the tickets, captain," said Mark, placing them in his hand.

The rough sailor uttered an exclamation which, no doubt, would very much have shocked the pious gentleman with the asthma who had sold them, could he have heard it.

"The infernal old scamp!" he added, after indulging in a string of expressions scorching enough to burn every register in the land, "I know him as has tried it on."

"You shall on, sir!" inquired the husband of Rose, looking up from his work, and seeing himself upon one of the trunks, for he began to feel a little nervous.

"You bean been robbed."

"Impossible! Why, I paid twenty pounds for them."

"And they are not worth twenty pence, my poor fellow," said the captain.

Mark Rayner appeased thunderstruck, and the next of the men went with the captain to see what the strong odor of tobacco in the room, and now felt quite sure that her daughter was not the only one served her when she detected the smell of gin mixed with it.

"Sarah!" she shrieked, "you must be mistaken. He is a clergyman."

The counsellor of the tigress gave a knowing whistle.

"We, now his daughter-in-law, too—a widow lady."

"A regular Portsmouth cat," observed the mate to his shipmate, as the two men hurried off within a twelvemonth, to my certain knowledge. I tell you you have been regularly done. You go into the hands of a couple of landsharks. Lucy Gripps don't want us there on the quay to-day to read, and two by the "Snake," which belongs to the same line. It's an old dodge well known in Liverpool."

"What are we to do?" exclaimed the woman, clasping her hands desperately.

"Take fresh berths."

"Alas! we have no longer the means."

"Take your traps on shore, then," said the captain. "Those berths are engaged; I can do nothing, but you can see the owner if you like."

It was a faint hope, a very faint one; but Mark took the address, and, hurried, with his habitual tactful wits, to the counting-house of Messrs. Small and Skinner, who, when they discovered there was no likelihood of the poor plunderer's escape taking fresh passages, could scarcely find time to listen to them. In fact, it was a matter whether they ought not to give them in charge till they could explain their share in the transaction.

As this, however, would have required time, and time with business men is money, the idea was abandoned, and so much allowed for the pertness to the account of charity, for each considered that he had acted with uncommon liberality on the occasion.

On their return to the docks Mark found that their luggage had been put on shore. Alone, he might have struggled through the difficulty—a man has many resources in his wits—but Rose, who thought almost swallowed him as he gazed upon her pale features and heard her sobbing heart.

"It is I who have brought her to this," he murmured, with a big lump in his throat, "who would have been happy and respected."

This self-accusation came as most self-accusations do—he not suffering for his own, but in sorrow for the future. He had no friends either to help or advise him, as the rest of the seamanly profession, he decided for himself.

"We must return to London," he said.

His wife shuddered at the words, she had suffered so much there already.

"Would it say no to time to catch the old hypocrite who has plundered us; that is our last hope."

And should that fail?" sobbed Rose.

"Then you must return to your friends at St Walk's."

"And you, Mark?"

"Go to sea, dear," replied her husband, gloomily. "It's nothing more than I deserve."

"I shall never see St. Paul's Church yes," answered the woman, firmly; "your fate is henceforth mine, though it should drive us to ask our bread from door to door."

These words restored Mark Rayner to something like self-possession. He felt more than consolation—he found strength in them. The hope could not be borne that he was to be cast off by all, or the world a wilderness whilst one flower, so pure and holy, blossomed at his side. And this alone, how freely the repentant man vowed that, if fortune ever smiled upon him, he would repay her unmerited devotion, should it be in the form of another fortune!

Rose looked up as she listened to him, and almost forgot her present misery.

How frequently do we bear the thoughtless and unwelcoming complaint of the dreary prospects of the future—that they cannot see their way clearly, or imagine what it will lead to. They are fools! The cloud which hides the spring of time is the great incentive to existence. Were all the page finished, the eye would turn wearied and listless from the volume of life, and lose all interest in perusing it.

Once more the wanderers set out for London, and, on their arrival, hastened to the address in the Tottenham-court-road. We need scarcely inform our readers that the gentleman and his wife had fled straight-to-her had disappeared from their lodgings, which they had only occupied a few days, and left no clue to their retreat. The money was irretrievably lost.

Mark and his wife were somewhat prepared for the result. The hour, therefore, was less severe than might have been expected, and they resigned to their lodgings, near Farringdon-street.

"There is nothing left for it," sighed the former, when, tired with their journey and excitement, they found themselves in the dull, smoky room of "The Half Moon." "We the end of it. I must look out for some vacant hound for foreign service. We have only six pounds left."

Rose proposed another attempt to see Lady Boodroyd.

"It will be useless," answered her husband; "but you can try in the morning, whilst I go out and make inquiries in the neighborhood of the Horse Guards."

His wife struggled successfully with her feelings, and would not add to the bitterness of his self-reproach by letting him perceive a tear.

Oh, what a parodise did the song little cottage at St. Paul's, and the few scenes of land Mark had been too busy to cultivate, now appear! What would he not have given to have once more had the chance! Toil would have been a pleasure—a perfect luxury. But, like many others, he had settled with happiness that had escaped him.

Happiness is something like the bird which has flown—hard—it is far more difficult to cage it a second time.

In the morning they started on their several expeditions; Rose to the Regent's-park, in the vain hope of obtaining an interview which her ladyship was resolved not to grant; and her husband to the Horse Guards, the great rendezvous of the recruiting-sergeants, where, however, he found no information, and he determined to have something better than the world of the sergeants, should he be would be permitted to accompany him, before he accepted the fatal shilling.

Being a fine, seafaring fellow, straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered, and rather over than under the best height, more than one of the sergeants, a very docile-eyed fair, watchful. Sergeant Kite declared that he had seen "a regular fine fellow in him; another swore that he was the model of the adjutant of his regiment, who had enlisted a combination after six years' service in the ranks, and a third gray-headed old cringe gravely informed him that the grenadiers were wanting a few tall men, and fifty pounds for an oath when promoted to the ranks.

"But my wife?" urged Mark.

"Separate room in barracks," he exclaimed.

"School!" in the recruiter. But Mark only added a second.

"Married man with the baggage," said a third; "and if inhabitation, can always make a pretty penny by washing the officers' linen, especially in a regiment, which I'm bound to say this is not. Southampton in less than a week; just in time to sail with it. Little to expect in the shape of pay the country for a fine young fellow to be service like, and no mistake! *Lots of promotion to be got; return; natives to suit upon you; palanquin to carry you when fatigued upon march, and agile sikongs ready to refresh you.*"

If any of our readers should accuse us of making the old sergeant speak too much in the style of one of them to read the placards which have lately appeared somewhere in the Strand, we assure them they will find that, instead of over-coloring, we have but modestly timed the portrait.

Mark listened, and wisely determined not to believe any one of them. The regiment bound for India certainly inspired him with confidence. It was seen assured that Rose would be permitted to accompany him, would unhesitatingly have engaged himself but he required something more definite than the sergeant's word for it.

"Not to-day, my good colonel," he said.

"Certainly, my man."

"Are the ships really ordered to India?"

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Most of his friends had predicted that he would die an old bachelor; proud, therefore, was their astonishment, and the disgust of his nephews, when they read in the papers the announcement of his marriage with Lady Ball, the orphan daughter of the late Earl of Clayton. The match had not even the shadow of sympathies to console them, for the bride was young, beautiful, and rich. How ever could he have won the old soldier puzzled her acquaintance exceedingly. Some suggested that she had met with disappointment, and married out of pique; if so, his appearance were exceedingly deceptive, for a lighter-hearted creature never breathed. Others imagined that she had grown tired of living in the country with her two maiden aunts; and yet would be just as easy to have once more had the chance! Tell would have been a pleasure—a perfect luxury. But, like many others, he had settled with happiness that had escaped him.

Happiness is something like the bird which has flown—hard—it is far more difficult to cage it a second time.

In the morning they started on their several expeditions; Rose to the Regent's-park, in the vain hope of obtaining an interview which her ladyship was resolved not to grant; and her husband to the Horse Guards, the great rendezvous of the recruiting-sergeants, where, however, he found no information, and he determined to have something better than the world of the sergeants, should he be would be permitted to accompany him, before he accepted the fatal shilling.

Being a fine, seafaring fellow, straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered, and rather over than under the best height, more than one of the sergeants, a very docile-eyed fair, watchful. Sergeant Kite declared that he had seen "a regular fine fellow in him; another swore that he was the model of the adjutant of his regiment, who had enlisted a combination after six years' service in the ranks, and a third gray-headed old cringe gravely informed him that the grenadiers were wanting a few tall men, and fifty pounds for an oath when promoted to the ranks.

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"School!" in the recruiter. But Mark only added a second.

"Married man with the baggage," said a third; "and if inhabitation, can always make a pretty penny by washing the officers' linen, especially in a regiment, which I'm bound to say this is not. Southampton in less than a week; just in time to sail with it. Little to expect in the shape of pay the country for a fine young fellow to be service like, and no mistake! *Lots of promotion to be got; return; natives to suit upon you; palanquin to carry you when fatigued upon march, and agile sikongs ready to refresh you.*"

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THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE;

OR,

MRS. ARDEN'S COUNTERPLOT.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

When I was a little, a very little girl, I used to go, with a host of others, daily to Miss Archer's school. How well I remember the pleasant green lane that led to the pretty cottage, with its garden in front, which we gathered, with rippling-books and Tuesbonnets, and sunshine and the hot, glowing summer around us so as kindly from beneath the shadowy borders of the lane that always decorated the hedges!

Outside the trees waved their branches in the breeze with a pleasant rustling sound, and the air was sweet songs, and the distant sounds of labor and of animal life came upon our ears in a sort of pleasant spot, and she was a lonely old lady who taught us the rudiments of knowledge there.

Miss Archer was a lonely old lady who whose kitchen she taught the children of the neighbor hood, and who, by her quiet, unobtrusive ways, she proved herself an invaluable assistant of their hard-working, overburdened mothers, by keeping their children out of their way several hours daily.

We all loved her when we were children, for her kind heart was tempered with mercy, and she seldom fell to direct between the needful discipline and the love that we instinctively felt for her.

She was a lonely old lady who lived on small means, but contrived to make a comfortable home for herself and her little charge.

Her husband had been a clergyman, and she had married her husband almost their last shilling upon it.

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Most of his friends had predicted that he would die an old bachelor; proud, therefore, was their astonishment, and the disgust of his nephews, when about the old woman's neck, and kiss her wrinkled cheek; and call her by all the loving names that she could remember. And Mrs. Arden would push back the sun-bonnet from the dear face, that had been her seat from childhood, and holding those glossy curls back in her own withered and shrunken arms, she would look down into the bright young face, and listen with quiet interest to the girl's prattle, the history of her school troubles and triumphs, the anecdotes of her schoolmates and teachers, and of the little adventures that constituted the romance of her life. Or she and Rose would sit down together in the simple and very humble repast, which Evelyn would regal, again and again, was better than all the delicacies which she had ever been bidden.

More than a year had passed, and Evelyn had become the idol of his friend one heart-expressed. The little school-girl flirtations into which she had been drawn, had never more than rippled the surface of her affections, if indeed they had touched a deeper feeling than vanity. But when she came home on the second summer, when she walked slowly down the green lane, and with a thoughtful air, and not with the open door of Mrs. Arden's cottage, had good lady, so anxiously watching for the coming of her darling, instinctively needed no other revelation to tell that the fourth of feeling had been stirred to their hidden depths.

There was an inexplicable something in the manner of Evelyn and she, and in every gesture, in quiet movement, that seemed as if timed to slow, harmonious music, instinct of divine beauty had been breathed in her soul, to which her whole life should henceforth be a response.

Mrs. Arden's observation was soon forever, and though her greeting had lost nothing of its fervid affection, her manner would not let it pass the change, nor to observe the long, dreamy silences so sweet, as she knew by Evelyn's soft smile, she was not to break them. She knew that Evelyn would conquer her maiden shyness, and pour her heart's secrets into her ear.

She talked to her as usual of all that had happened during her absence, of the gem which had been left at the cottage to be tended, of her old schoolmates, and a thousand things which had occurred during the time she was away, and then spread the table beneath the trees in the garden, and brought the simple and delicious fare, the rich cream and early strawberries, filled to draw Evelyn's attention from herself. Then the thoughts were far away, feasting upon memory and hope.

At last the sun had set, and the stars began to peep out, glimmering through the unceasing motion of the trees, though while the moon in her gentle evening dress from the perfumed hearts of the flowers around her, Evelyn, with her head upon her friend's bosom, told her all the story of her love.

Clarence Chesterwood—she pronounced the name in tender, liquid sounds, dwelling on each syllable, as if it were a spell—Clarence was not a man to—praise—a thing man in his profession. He was a serious, thoughtful man—not in the least inclined to win Evelyn's heart, I suppose he would have been attracted by a giddy school-girl. But Evelyn was not that, and in her low, sweet voice and tones that she should never, never forget. He was coming to Arden Cottage to plead her cause, to ask her of her father. Papa would be sure to consent; for though Clarence Chesterwood was not rich, he was a steady man, and one who according so well in his profession, that everybody spoke well of him, and augured for him.

It was too much honor for her, little Evelyn Arden, to become his wife, to be the wife of such a man. Only if she could make him happy, it would be all that she desired. Of course papa would be pleased with her. Mrs. Arden doubted he could!

Mrs. Arden could only bid the girl be patient and hopeful. A presentiment that her heart was full of trouble, that the course of this love, which seemed so genuine and guileless, was destined to obstruction—that all could not be well with Evelyn—she could scarcely express the sympathy she really felt, and Evelyn felt a tear upon her cheek as she kissed her friend, and turned back into her lonely cottage. As Evelyn left the cottage, Mrs. Arden sighed as she saw her father's old servant behind her for a protector, she pondered upon Mrs. Arden's words, and felt that her happiness had a sympathy in her feelings, and it was not until the thought came to her mind that her future security of youth and beauty had been awakened by her story in the ancient woman's heart that she forgot her disappointment. A letter that awaited her, and heralded the coming of her lover on the morrow, gave her joy to sleep, and taste the bard of rosy dreams, at an early hour the next morning.

Evelyn was a petted child, and when she was found sleeping at the usual hour, Mrs. Arden thought of awaking her. She should have breakfast whenever she awoke, her papa said; and so Mrs. Arden went to her father's room, and with tenderness he stole in and kissed her rosy cheek, and then left the room upon the head of his lovely and fitful darling.

The hours awoke Evelyn, and she threw her arms around her father's neck, and kissed him in return, calling him her "dear papa."

"Well, my darling, and what have pretty words mean?" said Judge Howard; "you want to go with your papa out of curiosity, I suppose, now, what is it? Out with it at once, for I must be off to the city."

"Oh, papa, how dowsd you are! You lawyers are and undressed everything. So promise me, dear papa, that you will not say anything that may set of you to-day?"

"But I would be giving a pledge blindly. Tell me what you want—it is some money to buy finery? I must be off, my child—school-mistress will run quickly, for I must be off."

"No, no, it's not money, papa, but something better than that. Just promise me, dear, dear papa."

"Something better than money, eh? Some school-girl notion! But I suppose I must promise, for I hear the carriage coming round. Well, I don't suppose it will become I have made a foolish promise, or I'll retract it."

So the carriage stopping from the door, and as Evelyn sank back upon her pillow with an ineffable sense of relief, her lover's face, the dearest, the fairest upon earth, appeared at the window, and the next moment the sound of the carriage wheels rumbling the gravel as he drove away.

Early in the afternoon Clarence Chesterwood was announced. Mrs. Howard was out, and the lovers met alone. After a short visit Mr. Chesterwood departed, informing Evelyn that he should return in the evening, to enlist her father's consent to their engagement. He would even deny himself the pleasure of a longer visit then, because he would do nothing without the approval of her parents.

In the evening, accordingly, Mr. Chesterwood called, and having sent up his card, was shown into the library, where Judge Howard presently joined him. A half hour passed, and then Evelyn was summoned to the library. Judge Howard met her at the door, and as he led her forward, he said—

"This gentleman, my dear, informs me that he comes here with your approval, to spit of me the hand of my daughter. Is it so, my child? Shall I grant her suppose? Tell me, my darling?"

"Yes, papa," faltered Evelyn, blushing, and not daring to meet the eager eyes fastened upon her face; "oh, yes, if you please, and besides, you know what you promised me this morning."

"And so you expected all this, and to exact that promise from me. What an artful little plotter! Here, take her, Chesterwood; she's quite too shrewd for me."

The judge placed his daughter's hand in that of Clarence Chesterwood, and hurried from the room, thus offering by light words to hide the emotion that made his voice falter, and his eyes overflow. And so Evelyn Howard and Clarence Chesterwood were betrothed. Happy, happy hour!

A year had passed since the evening that witnessed the betrothal of the lovers—a year of quiet and happiness. Mrs. Arden had received letters and notices that threatened them with unanticipated sorrow. Mrs. Howard's darling cousin, Ellen, had been invested in some grand speculations, that promised, on paper, wonderful success. Elated by his prospects, he had written to the opposite house of Eustace, he had raised money in every possible way to meet the heavy engagements that he had given upon all his real estate, and his wife's fortune, including that also, with the exception of a few acres, where his family resided. All he possessed was risked; and when the last and venture failed, he was a ruined man, he was utterly ruined. The shock proved too much for him. He was prostrated by a fever, and delirium set in, and his property, and within one week his wife and Evelyn were deprived of their husband into poverty, and whatever Mrs. Howard could do was done to soften the blow.

She had a dismal relative, a bachelor of immense wealth, who had never forgiven her for the misalliance with Judge Howard, and who, when he was told by Evelyn that her father was dead, and that she was left penniless, was utterly heartless in her reply.

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tears and the history of all she had suffered and sacrificed.

"My child," said Mrs. Arden, after she had listened to Evelyn's broken narration, "this must not be. I speak as one in authority. Clarence Cleaverood, whom I have summoned, will arrive here to-morrow evening. Then you must become his wife. Here, beneath my humble roof the ceremony shall be performed; and when once he has the power to deliver you from this snare, I will place the means in his hands by which the comfort of your parents shall be secured, and his future acquiescence in your marriage insured."

Evelyn had stared at Mrs. Arden as she spoke in extreme astonishment, mixed with gladness. A singular dignity seemed suddenly to invest the aged woman. She truly spoke as one in authority, and her words captivated and calmed the sorrowing girl. Promising an explanation when Clarence arrived, Mrs. Arden soon dismissed her to her home; and Evelyn returned, and calmed the sorrowing parents, by telling all she trust the words of her friend.

The next evening the mail Chesterwood at the cottage, almost believing that it was but a step farewell, as the preparations for her marriage had that day been commenced at home; but his chorfful appearance, and Mrs. Arden's grave and look, somewhat re-assured her. The strange events through which she had passed seemed to have prepared her for anything that might occur, and she listened almost without surprise to the strange tale which Mrs. Arden proceeded to relate.

"Evelyn," she said, "when I first heard of the project to marry you to Frumish I determined to prevent it. I knew that I had the power, and I might have said it then, but circumstances of a strange nature had arisen that some could blame the course I had taken. I would be more glad than you looked upon your dying hour than upon that of your bridal with a man you did not, could not love. I have known the misery of such unions without love. You must never know it. I was very young when my parents married me to a man more than twice my age. He had wealth and station, and they were poor. I had beauty, and he thought it and me with his gold; and you I believe he loved me well, though I felt at first only indifference, that soon became downright aversion. But time I lived on for years. I dressed, and danced, and traveled, and was admired, and I thought I was free; but they knew not the restless discontent that drove me from my home, and from the little child that, even growing up there under the careless charge of servants, became I hated my luxuries, and abhorred the land that bestowed them. All their charm my heart was unawakened, but my time came at last. I gave to the adoration of a man who was good for my husband, and so, when one with flattering words of veiled sympathy for my position as he thus dared to hint, came daily and bowed at my feet, I listened to listen for the flattery, and delighted the proud bearing of his head in the crowd, and to hang entranced upon his lightest word. Of children I was not then to think, but not sinful as I might have been, for my husband owed me. He loved me after a manner after years of coldness and scorn, and he was watchful. So one day, while dreaded of tenderness, he told me that he knew all, and that if I would but trust him he would save me. He would take me far away, and I should be free to enjoy my wealth and pleasures, that I might forget; and he said—I shall never forget with what a lordly superiority—that he had been very wrong. In winning my beautiful youth he had robbed me of my age. But he was old now, and could not live long; and he bade me be patient, and wait for my freedom.

"I fell at his feet in an agony of remorse and contrition, and when he raised me tenderly in his arms, said of me, that he could not forgive me, and after all so natural in me, far better than the wrong he had done to cover me, for the first time in all our married life I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him. I was glad that I had spared him the one curse when next morning I was summoned to his bedside to see him die. His illness was but for a few hours and from it I beheld him only as the young widow in the world's parlance.

"My hour sought me when all was over and I was free to receive my friends once more. But I had grown unlike them in mind and heart, and never saw him more. The scales had fallen from my eyes, and I saw the true character of the man, and I knew by what a fearful contrast with him, for I longed for sympathy, I resolutely refused to see him. I left all my children save one married, my youngest son. Leaving him in the care of his guardian I hastened myself from the scene. At first the feelings that prompted this retreat were morbid and irrational, but when time and thought had tested their healing qualities, I still best suited to leave my retreat, and though always informing myself of the state of affairs, as a voluntary punishment for the frailty of my early life, I refused to see him. He grew up under the knowledge of his mother's existence; until to-day he has remained in ignorance of it, though I have watched his course carefully. But now, at last, my child—"

Clarence Chesterwood's arms were round the excited, beating form that lay upon his bosom, and tears that were no disgrace to his manhood fell from them. Evelyn wept in sympathy, though it was long before the group returned to calmness.

"My child, do you forgive me?" said Mrs. Arden.

"I have nothing to forgive," Evelyn tenderly answered replied, "except the loss of my mother's society and love. For the rest I am grieved by the lack of the involuntary outreachings of her heart, and it is not for her child to forgive."

"I perfected that my boy should never know the complications of wealth," said Mrs. Arden, "and he had greater influence. I believed that he should gain strength by watery struggles, and so left him almost entirely left him to go along the rough path of fortune. But when I saw the use to which my bitterness unless would be put, and that it returned to New York and reclaimed it. Here, my son, am vouchsafed the happy part of all I possess. It is transferred to your name, and is now your own. And here in my wedding present for my daughter. Look up, child, and my good minister will be here directly, and before I take you to my room to pray you in the wedding finery which I brought from the great city, look at the present I bestow—a deed of your dear old home, clear from all encumbrance, and beyond the power even of the man to whom I am about to give you."

Evelyn, amidst smiles and blushes and tears, thanked her friend, and gazed with delight on the giving, sent away to don the simple bridal dress which she had selected.

"If your father had still retained his power of mind I should not have done this. But he is influenced by his wife, and it is better to place a refuge beyond his power before we confide to him our own plans and prospects. It was only to this arrangement that Clarence yielded when I sensed my plan."

In a short time the good minister, to whom all had been confided and who had given his approval, visited the pair. When Evelyn returned to her home, now really hers, and brought thither her husband, armed with a husband's authority, in addition to his immense wealth, even Mrs. Howard was silenced, while Frumish shrank away and was seen no more. The judge, happy in the happiness of his child, and unwilling to complicate matters by all that had past, seemed in a little while to have forgotten Frumish and his suit, and always welcomed Chesterwood with peculiar affection to his holidays. As Mrs. Howard cared only for the luxuries to be purchased by Evelyn's sacrifice, she was finally satisfied to receive them from the hand of Mr. Chesterwood, and abandoned upon his bounty for many years selfish and exacting to the last. Mrs. Arden still retained her cottage, and the green lane is now daily trodden by the feet of merry children who love to resort to grandmamma's fireside; while Chesterwood, as already hinted, is a wonder in the gift of his fellow-citizens, and Evelyn, still beautiful and good, is adored in her home, and greatly admired abroad.

FALSE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Ah! I remember our apologies again,
We were in the garden, and you said
Softly the minister of mirth's decline
Spoke in the gloom, and I replied
And I sang to my soul,
Be still, be still, my heart,
In the bright lady the star of my pain—
And you, you said, you would not have
Her love on any terms.

Now the sweet sympathy hath ripened, and gone.
I stand in the shadows alone!
And you are by the side of another hath fled,
Young Hope in my heart hath died;
Ah, you are false, you are false!
Oh, go, for the beauty I the star of thy gaze;
Narrow her waters, the splendors are cold,
Proud Arabia knows me no more!

MY FRIEND'S GHOST STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I once had a friend—I say had, for he is dead now, poor fellow—by the name of Lance Walters, who possessed the most remarkable ability of any one I ever saw. Nothing seemed to alarm him—nothing could frighten him. I have seen him when the professional scourge was taking down nearly every other individual, as calm, collected, and apparently as cheerful as one at a wedding or feast. I have seen him, when the lightning flashed with blinding brilliancy, and the thunder rolled and rang with a stunning power, sit coolly and collectedly at his window, and watch the storm-cloud without being aware that anything unusual was going on around him. When the cholera was here, in 1851, he gave him no uneasiness. I have seen him retreat from Europe startled the world with the prediction that a revolutionary blaze was about to be brought to a close by an earthquake, many thousands of which, he said, were necessary before all the stars of heaven seemed shooting from their spheres and falling in one fiery shower, and have heard him laugh with terror, believing the last day had come, Lance was one who stood looking at the phenomena, and thought it a very grand and beautiful sight. When the day drew near which was to terminate the Father Miller, he accompanied preacher at the end of time, and, thousands of frightened people were congregated on their ascension robes for a glorious, saintly, aerial flight, Walters treated his friends to an essay on the philosophy of fools. In short, nothing disturbed him; he had an easy digestion, and slept soundly; and he could eat supper, dine, breakfast or afterward, morning, noon, or night, or in the middle of the night—and he was a great eater for one as single-fingered, and neither spill a drop of the liquid nor drop a morsel of the solid upon the floor, had a good eye, not was a dead shot; and if he ever failed to put a ball in the ball-eye at a hundred yards, which was the limit we fixed for a shot, and not in him.

I think I have said enough to show that Lance Walters was a man of remarkable nerve; and a man of nerve more than once had a chance to show remarkable for never knowing what it is to fear—for real fear is something which always springs from a disturbed condition of the nervous system. Lance had traveled a good deal; and in the course of his travels had visited the ruins of Pompeii, and other places of interest. He had been in Texas in his earlier days, and had been in Mexico, and, as I said, he had seen them fight with knives, and both fall in the contest, covered with gleeful wounds, and never than once had a bullet whistled past his breast, and fully believed that the next moment would be his last; and as for the three trials of nerve his features had scarcely paled, nor his heart sent up more than its usual quota of single muscle had ever been perceived.

The reason, however, have these weak points, and Lance Walters had his, as my story, or perhaps I should rather say his story, will show.

"Were you ever afraid?" I once said to him, as we sat conversing upon kindred subjects.

"Once," he replied, "and only once—I never knew what fear was but once."

"And pray tell I," was what particular occasion was that?"

A particular occasion, indeed!" he replied, as he lit a fresh Havana and stood a light to it, "it is his easy chair, while the cloud of smoke which he puffed around his head gave him the look of one of the recollection brought with it some little nervous excitement. "Do you know," he resumed, "I was never a believer in the supernatural?"

You were never a believer in anything, except it is a kind of unreasonable disbelief in nothing, I replied, laughingly.

"Then I will not tell you the story," he said, in a pet.

"Oh, no, I'm serious! I am a believer in the supernatural up to a certain period; I do not say that I am a believer in it now; but then I will say, that there are some things I have seen, belonging either to heaven or earth, or both, which far surpass my comprehension, and can never be solved by any known law."

"Well, go on," said I, with interest, "and give me the particulars of that particular occasion, when you were, and only once in his life, Lance Walters was scared."

"Well, scared is a term I am not partial to," smiled my friend; "I have no notion, as I said then, you must know I was once traveling through the interior of Mexico, and one night, as I was belated in reaching my destination, I concluded to ask a night's entertainment of a dwelling of a dwelling loomed up invitingly on my way. I rode up to the door, and found the proprietor himself quietly sitting on the piazza, indulging in the luxury of what, had I been among the Cherokees, the original proprietors of the soil, I should unhesitatingly have pronounced a calumet of peace. Having passed the usual salutations of the day, and replied to his inquiry, that I was neither a police nor a relation to one, I quietly made the proposition of passing the night beneath his roof. He gave a cordial assent, and some half a dozen negroes very speedily disposed of my horse and valise. I next proceeded to make myself agreeable with mine host—a hale, hearty man of fifty, of a pleasant and sociable turn of mind—and soon we of his child, and, under the influence of a cigar of smokers pertaining to all parts of the country—our wont, early and late.

"A summons to supper interrupted our conversation, and forthwith mine host conducted me to a beautifully-supplied table, where I flatter myself I did ample justice to my quantity of broiled chicken, tacos, and other Mexican delicacies, not to mention the finishing of my southern entertainer having by this time risen to fever heat in favor of his northern guest, he proposed that we should allowing himself in a stimulating distillation called pouchong—a species of tea, I think I was justified in adding, that neither of us drank more than a quart. One thing is pretty certain, however—for the exact ratio that the liquor went down, our spirits and humors went up; and from beginning with the practical, we glided into the poetical, advanced to the terrible, and wound up with the marvelous; that is to say, from fishing to ghosts and cattle, we proceeded to quote Shakspeare and Byron, passed on to duels and street rencontres, and ended with ghost stories. I did not believe in the latter part even with the stimulus of the tea-party—luck my southern friend did. I could tell no marvelous tales as he, but then, unlike him, I could not swear to them; and I came near getting myself into trouble by doubting that he believed all he told me.

"Do you are incredulous?" he queried, looking me steadily in the eye.

"Most assuredly, sir," I replied. "What! talk of ghosts, and not be incredulous? Why, really, that is a little too much for a man that has traveled! I have always heard of those things as being at a distance, or of very ancient date, by some demolished structure, and so I have pretty well settled it in my mind that such ghostly stories are always a great way off from an enterprising people like us, who are always doing some quietly and naughty to rest."

"Would you like to see a ghost?" he inquired.

"If it's convenient," said I.

"Come! what do you say to my own home, here and now?"

"I should like to hear what you say to it first, my friend," I said.

"Well, sir, I say then, that one room is slightly visited with supernatural occurrences."

"I am very happy to hear it," I rejoined; "and if that room is to let, I should like to engage it, for a week or two."

"But are you really serious," he inquired, with a slight flush, and the flicker of a smile.

"Serious as a judge, if not as sober as a priest," laughed I.

"Well, then, young man, I will try your metile; you shall have the room, for one night at least, and I will see him on occasions. I will also remit

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NATURE A MIRROR OF HUMANITY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"In thine own shall dwell and revel pain
Pleading in vain to dolt or jack,
And wisdom's heart-voice, when the wrath
Is red upon their high wisdom spread,
Is wasted wisdom—flies from her
The topmost crag that thrones strong Power's sight."
He entered the farmhouse of Hard Times
One paltroon shiver into the startled night.
A diamond blaze, and Anarchy clutched the upward light.

There does not show it, Sadness's glare,
Where summer's garland of sentiment flowers
Shall be carried from form to form of mind,
And taste were stooping to the shrine forever
Where the white moonlight, and the sunny heart
Brought love and thee, then long red, pighted skin!
But now meditates where the feathered breath
On autumn woods, and leaves have ashiest smiled,
How all shall wade and moan deep in sense-like, wild.

And there dark mouth, Alistaw's harmless page,
Was not approaching hoard, pass on thee,
Waited for the mourning prompter! Alas!
There no a horse in the very love
Then shadow his savage arms mourning!
At the lone wanderer who shall in her
Amid the darkness that must always be
Pierced and spun and fast trapped the victim's lair.
And sees for Nature's blue prospect the victim's lair.

Silk-deep Night! Ah, how the Sun-Day Moon
She blessed and blessing and her starry flowers;
There is a dying embrace in the trees
Sweet from the waters, and the mountain towers
Sermon still as they but the hand of God
Are locked now, while silence is the heart
Of the universe, and the heartbeat hoarser,
And you would feel profane the sacred stillness
If weight of worship in its mighty embrace stirred!

Is there no voice?—Less low the moment seems—
What lights shoot the hall? Ah, there are tongues
On all the air of mountains, and the cave
Is vocal—'tis a tempest in the trees!
Hollow strange, sweet tongue, that in the far-off line
Of the dim mountain speak the wandering air—
And now the heart sighs—the crushed heart
Listen until their fields of moonlight there—
The sin shining forth who breathes her Evening Prayer!

ADVENTURE WITH A MANIAC.

BY ELEANOR COMB, JR.

Peter Winter was one of the early settlers in Arkansas—a bold, burly man, capable of any hardship or necessary to the conquering and subduing of a new and wild country. His cabin was close to the Big River, and on many a warm June day he found place of land smiling under the influence of successful cultivation. His corn-field was bounded by divided between the field and the forest, though he had more than his share of the latter than the former, the being a more agreeable companion than the plow. His family consisted of his wife and two children. Sam Winter was then about twenty-five, and though living in the wild woods, yet she was kind and modest, and possessed a share of sound sense that would have done credit to a better education. Andrew, a bright, active boy of four years of age, whilst little Lucy, the laughing, romping girl, was only four.

One evening, as Peter and his family were at supper, the door was opened, and, without preliminary, Sam entered.

"Ah, John—is this you?" said Peter, as he recognized his visitor.

"Yes," answered the new-comer, in thick tones, at the same time resting towards the fire-place.

"What!—drunk again, John?" exclaimed Peter, in a reproachful tone.

"Hem drunk a feeding fresh, Pete," grumbled the man, looking up with a vacant leer, evidently unable to see distinctly. "Give me a bed, old fellow!"

"Certainly you shall have a bed, John. But won't you have something to eat first?" asked Sam.

"Eh—Sake Winter! Eged—I will eat." He sat up to the table, but his appetite proved treacherous, and he moved back again with the food. As he gained the chimney-corner he drew a bottle from his pocket, but it was empty.

"Drank the last drop last night, Sam," he said, his utterance becoming more thick. "Give us a tip of your own bottle, Pete."

"Haven't got a drop for you, John."

"Not a drop of whiskey?"

"Not a drop."

"Shiga a painter, old boy! What are you cant'n' to?"

Peter made some careless reply, and then urged the poor fellow to go and lie down on the bed. He was growing more stupid every moment, and that he would soon fall from his chair. Sam and her husband helped him to the bed, and left him while the man succeeded to go, and his host led him to a place in one corner, where a buffalo skin was hung for a screen, and where he could rest his bed of bear-skins. John was soon asleep, and Peter returned and finished his supper.

John Armstrong was a good hunter; a firm friend; ready to help in time of need; and a kind man on principle. He lived nowhere in particular, but found a home anywhere. A week or two would be spent in hunting—then he would carry his furs to the nearest settlement and purchase rum—and then come a spree which he made, as he could get fuel for the fatal flame.

When Peter got ready to go to bed, he went in and looked at his guest, whom he found just as he had left him.

"He's not bad!" he said, as he came out. "What a noble fellow he is when he's himself. How a man can sink to a mere beast, I can't understand."

"Poor John!" murmured Sam. Armstrong had ever been a warm friend to the family, and he, in his turn, had found, in the one conscience, saved them from the Indian tomahawk and scalping-knife. So they were sorry for him, now.

The hunter arose with the first dawn of day, and ere he parted himself he was seen how his guest fared. John was still sleeping soundly, though the weakened skins told that he had been very uneasy during the night.

"I must go out and look at my traps," said Peter, after he had dressed. "If John wakes up before I get back, you'll better fix him up some warm drink, and get him to eat if he can. If he wants whiskey tell him he must wait until I come. I shall not be gone over an hour; so you may have breakfast ready by then."

The husband took his rifle and went out, and shortly afterwards his wife roused up her two children and dressed them, and then proceeded to build the fire. After the meal was eaten Sam from a quarter of venison which hung near the door, and then began to think what she should do up for her unfortunate guest. At the expiration of about half an hour John Armstrong got up and came out. Sam went upon the point of speaking to him, but when she looked at his face she started back in affright. She had never before seen a face look so pale and deadly—she had never seen eyes glare and sparkle as one look so wild and peculiar did—and she had never heard a man's teeth grind and gnaw as he did then.

"John!" she finally uttered, "what is the matter?"

He glared at her, and then at the children, but spoke not a word.

"Don't you want something to eat, John?"

He glared again from her to the two little ones, and then turned to the door and went out.

"Don't be afraid, Andy," the mother said, as the children clung to her dress. "John is a good man—he won't hurt you. He's only sick now."

"But he looked at me so, mamma. Oh! how sick he must be!"

Before Sam could make any reply to her boy the door opened, and Armstrong again entered the cabin. He had a long hunting-knife in his right hand, while in his left he carried a piece of rope, or halter-cord.

He stopped near the old and gloomed around the room—there was but one room in the place. His eyes were wild and burning, his lips bloodless and compressed, and his body standing up like spirits ever his fingers as he stamped more firmly.

"You're afraid of me, Sam!" he whispered, shuddering, shivering tone, at the same time throwing the cord upon the floor, and grasping it a little more firmly.

"No, no, John," uttered Sam, as pluckily as she could speak, with her heart thumping and leaping as though it would burst its bonds. "I am not afraid, for I know you are a good man. You love me too well for that, don't you, good John?"

"Leave yo?" he echoed, with a sharp, grating like. "If I loved yo less I might let yo stay in this cursed world. But I'm a-goin' to send you out of it, Sam. Where's Pete and yer children? I've got to do it! Yo must die!—die!—die!"

These were words of white death from the madman's bloodless lips, and his whole face had assumed a look perfectly fiendish. Sam Winter had been at first almost powerless, but when she first realized that her little ones were in mortal danger her mother's love kept a maiden's fear back. The terrible truth broke upon her that Armstrong was standing before him a maniac—a fiend, that had board of such a thing, and she knew how dangerous it was. She knew that the commander would return his direct hate upon those whom he had loved less when sober. She clasped her children to her side, and should, using the utmost power of will in the room.

"O, mad-die!" the madman growled. "I've been commanded to kill yo?

"No, no, John! Oh! you could not kill us!"

"Not kill yo? Why, what a cussed shame to ask varmints so you a fetch! You'll not be quick enough, Willie! Don't I know how yo've plotted again me? Don't I know how yo've held a spell spread for years? Oh! don't you die devil! Give me the whiskey! I'll take their heads off first, and then off comes yours!"

As Armstrong ceased speaking he advanced towards the frightened group. Sam cast her eyes about, but there was no way of escape. There was but one door, and through the maniac had left that open, yet he was between. Andrew, who was but three, three in number, were small, and set high from the floor, and were guarded by bolts and bars, to keep wild animals out. Nor was there any weapon at hand with which to defend herself. But of defence she could not think, for Armstrong was one of the most powerful men in the country.

"Mercy!" she shrieked, as the madman drew near up.

"Devil!" he hissed, from between his tight-set teeth. As he spoke he aimed a blow at her head with his left hand, but though she dodged, and received the stroke upon her shoulder, she kept from reeling to the floor.

But the fiend seemed thought not of pain then. The cries or her children, sounding shrill and loud, mingled with the curses of the madman, and every spark of courage a mother can feel, and she was quickly upon her feet. She looked upon the fiend before her, and a shiver of horror, more than mortal anguish burst from her lips, she staggered back upon the floor, and fainted away.

The maniac was by the open door, where he had first stood, with little Lucy crouched between his huge knees, while the boy was held by the long, tangled curls of the head. The little fellow, in his struggles, had torn the hair in his hands, and had then both firmly clutched with the hatchet which he had hooked the boy's head back—he had bent back—the white throat upturned—and the gleaming knife raised for the fatal blow. It descended—and the woman would be child's heart!

"Jane!" she cried, in a tone of such exquisite agony that even the madman stayed his hand and looked up.

The mother knew that the struggle must be for a few short seconds. Great was her fear for her own safety—great upon the madman's life, and his eyes burned more fiercely than before. If she moved toward him, he knew how his great fall; and if she did nothing it must fall! A glean of hope shot through her soul. With a mighty effort—an effort such as men sometimes make to seem calm in the face of death—she waved a hand to and fro, and smiled upon the murder-minded man.

"John," she spoke, as calmly and honestly as though she were calling him from peaceful quiet, "you must not kill my boy. Let me hold the boy, and then you can hit him!"

"Eged, it would," the man returned, with great satisfaction.

"Oh! don't kill me, mamma!" the poor boy shrieked. The girl was so crushed that she could not speak.

"You must die, Andrew!" the mother returned, with a cold look, but with a pang at the heart that gave her pride for mouth.

"Now hold him tight!" the man said, passing the two little purple hands out for Sam to take.

"Never fear," she replied. She said no more. Armstrong stood with the back to the open door, and as he released his hold upon the boy's hands she gathered all her reserved strength for the effort, and leaped upward with the ferocity of a tigress. With her bowed head and with her clenched hands she struck him full in the pit of the stomach, and he fell backward upon the bread stepping-stone like a gnarled log. In an instant Sam shut the door, and in another instant she had shoved the cabin door her into its place.

The mother gathered her children to her bosom and bore them to her bed. The boy was almost senseless from fright, while the girl was totally overcome by the cruel pressure she had been subjected to. But ere Sam could bestow further care upon them the madman had revived, and came, second to kick at the door. He cursed and swore, and kicked with all his might, but the stout door withstood all his efforts. The trembling woman

knew that the time must be improved, and she hastened to the door and drew the bolt. Then she opened it, and, with a sharp, grating like, "If I loved yo less I might let yo stay in this cursed world. But I'm a-goin' to send you out of it, Sam. Where's Pete and yer children? I've got to do it! Yo must die!—die!—die!"

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"Never fear," she replied. She said no more. Armstrong stood with the back to the open door, and as he released his hold upon the boy's hands she gathered all her reserved strength for the effort, and leaped upward with the ferocity of a tigress. With her bowed head and with her clenched hands she struck him full in the pit of the stomach, and he fell backward upon the bread stepping-stone like a gnarled log. In an instant Sam shut the door, and in another instant she had shoved the cabin door her into its place.

The mother gathered her children to her bosom and bore them to her bed. The boy was almost senseless from fright, while the girl was totally overcome by the cruel pressure she had been subjected to. But ere Sam could bestow further care upon them the madman had revived, and came second to kick at the door. He cursed and swore, and kicked with all his might, but the stout door withstood all his efforts. The trembling woman knew that the time must be improved, and she hastened to the door and drew the bolt. Then she opened it, and, with a sharp, grating like, "If I loved yo less I might let yo stay in this cursed world. But I'm a-goin' to send you out of it, Sam. Where's Pete and yer children? I've got to do it! Yo must die!—die!—die!"

These were words of white death from the madman's bloodless lips, and his whole face had assumed a look perfectly fiendish. Sam Winter had been at first almost powerless, but when she first realized that her little ones were in mortal danger her mother's love kept a maiden's fear back. The terrible truth broke upon her that Armstrong was standing before him a maniac—a fiend, that had board of such a thing, and she knew how dangerous it was. She knew that the commander would return his direct hate upon those whom he had loved less when sober. She clasped her children to her side, and should, using the utmost power of will in the room.

"O, mad-die!" the madman growled. "I've been commanded to kill yo?

"No, no, John! Oh! you could not kill us!"

"Not kill yo? Why, what a cussed shame to ask varmints so you a fetch! You'll not be quick enough, Willie! Don't I know how yo've plotted again me? Don't I know how yo've held a spell spread for years? Oh! don't you die devil! Give me the whiskey! I'll take their heads off first, and then off comes yours!"

As Armstrong ceased speaking he advanced towards the frightened group. Sam cast her eyes about, but there was no way of escape. There was but one door, and through the maniac had left that open, yet he was between. Andrew, who was but three, three in number, were small, and set high from the floor, and were guarded by bolts and bars, to keep wild animals out. Nor was there any weapon at hand with which to defend herself. But of defence she could not think, for Armstrong was one of the most powerful men in the country.

"Mercy!" she shrieked, as the madman drew near up.

"Devil!" he hissed, from between his tight-set teeth. As he spoke he aimed a blow at her head with his left hand, but though she dodged, and received the stroke upon her shoulder, she kept from reeling to the floor.

But the fiend seemed thought not of pain then. The cries or her children, sounding shrill and loud, mingled with the curses of the madman, and every spark of courage a mother can feel, and she was quickly upon her feet. She looked upon the fiend before her, and a shiver of horror, more than mortal anguish burst from her lips, she staggered back upon the floor, and fainted away.

The maniac was by the open door, where he had first stood, with little Lucy crouched between his huge knees, while the boy was held by the long, tangled curls of the head. The little fellow, in his struggles, had torn the hair in his hands, and had then both firmly clutched with the hatchet which he had hooked the boy's head back—he had bent back—the white throat upturned—and the gleaming knife raised for the fatal blow. It descended—and the woman would be child's heart!

"Jane!" she cried, in a tone of such exquisite agony that even the madman stayed his hand and looked up.

The mother knew that the struggle must be for a few short seconds. Great was her fear for her own safety—great upon the madman's life, and his eyes burned more fiercely than before. If she moved toward him, she knew how his great fall; and if she did nothing it must fall! A glean of hope shot through her soul. With a mighty effort—an effort such as men sometimes make to seem calm in the face of death—she waved a hand to and fro, and smiled upon the murder-minded man.

"John," she spoke, as calmly and honestly as though she were calling him from peaceful quiet, "you must not kill my boy. Let me hold the boy, and then you can hit him!"

"Eged, it would," the man returned, with great satisfaction.

"Oh! don't kill me, mamma!" the poor boy shrieked. The girl was so crushed that she could not speak.

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